

Begun this week! "THE GIRL RIVALS!" Corinne Cushman's New Love Story.

NEW YORK Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY

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STAR OF MY SOUL.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

Star of my soul, shine on me in thy splendor;
Lean o'er thy casement's rose-encircled bair!
My heaven is in thine eyes, so darkly tender.
My soul is like a sea, and thou its star.
The ocean mirrors, in its tranquil bosom,
Full many a star, but I have only thee.
Oh, radiant face, beam on me like a blossom—
The one sweet blossom of the world to me!

Star of my soul, if I might climb and kiss thee
With my heart's passion brimming on my mouth,
Thenceforth in absent moments thou wouldst
miss me,
As roses miss the sweet wind from the south.
And then I know that I might win and wear thee
Forevermore upon my faithful heart.
If thou couldst only know the love I bear thee,
Not death nor fate could keep our souls apart.

Star of my soul! Oh, sweet, fair star!
The bird sings at thy casement bar;
My heart is singing at thy feet
In sorrow deep as love is sweet.

The Girl Rivals;

OR,

THE WAR OF HEARTS.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," "HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A GHOST AT THE WINDOW.

FIRELIGHT over everything in Farmer Fletcher's sitting room—over the ample hearth of old-fashioned, blue Dutch tiles—over the red and blue Turkey carpet—over the broad, white, unpapered walls, with their pictures of George and Martha Washington, and over the comfortably low ceiling—over the two front windows, with their curtains undrawn—and beyond them, over the deep, deep, spotless, shining snow outside, making it blush warmly as the brow of beauty under the eye of love. Yet, though it flung its flattering radiance over everything in the great, homelike room, there were objects there upon which this cozy, cheerful firelight lingered with a rosy and more loving touch than upon others. It seemed, for instance, to wrap itself about the burnished pewter pitcher—full to the brim of spiced cider, on whose surface bobbed sundry roasted apples, seething in warmth and fragrance—which stood as near as safety would permit to the glittering brass andirons; and to caress the white cat and her two fluffy kittens who lay on the rug, basking in the luxury of heat.

It lighted up very becomingly the face, forehead, black, curly hair and handsome features of the schoolmaster, who sat near the round mahogany table, with claw feet, which stood in the center of the room, supporting the tall lamp which "paled its ineffable fires" in the face of that glowing heap of hickory logs in the fireplace. It shone into the bright, honest eyes of one of his pupils, a boy of fourteen; it played hide-and-seek with Mrs. Fletcher's knitting-needles, and made two comical fire-balls of Farmer Fletcher's spectacles, as he read the paper. But most tenderly, most lovingly, this rosy light lingered on the lovely face and figure of Ruth, the daughter of the house. She, too, was a pupil of the schoolmaster, who, in his experience of "boarding round," had at length found himself, much to his secret delight, at the farmhouse toward which he had for some time cast a longing eye.

It is cold in Massachusetts in December, but it was not cold in this charming, old-fashioned sitting-room. That dancing firelight kept everybody in a glow. At least, it must have been that which made Ruth's cheeks so red, as she bent over her slate, apparently deeply absorbed in an algebraic problem. Perhaps the teacher wondered if she were going to be able to solve it without his help, for he kept those black eyes of his fixed on her face quite as steadily as hers were glued to the slate. But it was the firelight, of course, which made her seem to blush, and not the consciousness of his regard. It was known in school that the master was quite an artist—he drew wonderful portraits on the blackboard at times, to amuse himself during recess—and if he had been studying Ruth for the purpose of making a picture, he could not have looked at her more earnestly. An exquisitely pretty picture she would have made, with her graceful head inclined over her slate, the rosy light dancing over her gold-brown hair and glittering on the curved ends of long, dark lashes—over the delicate, dark brows, the young forehead white as snow, the flushed cheeks, and the dainty, scarcely-developed figure of a girl of sixteen.

Ruth had donned her merino dress, with a lace ruffle and rose-colored bow at the neck, in honor of her boarder.

Besides this, she had a pink carnation and geranium-leaf in her hair, a gift from the schoolmaster, who had received a box of flowers from Boston the day previous—flowers were costly and rare luxuries at Pentucket in December.

"Have you decided to go to Boston to spend the holidays, Mr. Otis?" asked Farmer Fletcher, laying down his paper.

The young man started, and a red streak rose slowly in either olive-pale cheek; he had been so absorbed in his study of the speaker's daughter—and in certain dark thoughts that lay restless and hidden in his breast—that the question came upon him like a surprise. Ruth looked up, interested in his answer, and so did her mother and David, her brother. They all liked the "schoolmaster," and had invited him to spend the time with them from the present until the day after New Year's. He had answered them that morning at the breakfast-table, that he had business of some importance to transact in Boston, and did not know but he should be compelled to take the holidays for attending to it; but that inclination tempted him to accept their kind hospitality.



HONORIA. "Mademoiselle," said Otis, respectfully, "is there anything wrong? Can I be of any assistance?" RUTH.

"I should like nothing so well as to remain here, in this delightful house, with your pleasant family," he had said, with great earnestness. "This is my first winter in the country; it has the charm of novelty, and I should like to keep Christmas in the old-fashioned way with you. But I fear I cannot."

He looked up now with a start and a flush as the question as to his decision was asked him. After a moment, forcing a laugh at his own nervous action, he replied:

"I find that I am obliged to go, Mr. Fletcher; I had a letter to-day which decided the matter. However, I have compromised with my conscience—I shall remain here, since you have so kindly urged me, until the day after Christmas. This arrangement will give me time to accomplish what I have to do in Boston."

"I dare say you will be glad to make New Year's calls on your fashionable city friends; of which, we understand, you have such numbers," remarked Ruth, with just the least perceptible flash of her beautiful eyes and pout of her rosy lips.

The schoolmaster looked at her an instant, but his eyes were cast down as he answered in a low voice:

"I shall not make a single call on that day. I am going on business—and disagreeable business, too."

"It's a wonder you condescend to teach school, Mr. Otis!" Ruth continued, with still more of a curl of her rose-leaf lips.

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. Only, you have such an air—and they do say your relatives are all as rich as Croesus, and as proud as the Czar of all the Russias."

"Ruth!" spoke up her mother, reprovingly.

"Oh, I know, mother! You need not remind me that I am unadmirable. It's bad enough to have Mr. Otis laugh at me." For the teacher had smiled in a grave, doubtful way which the imperious young beauty did not like. Ruth was the belle of her own neighborhood, and could have "her pick of beaux," yet could not prevent herself from becoming fascinated with this stranger, of whose opinion of herself she was so uncertain. Sometimes she thought he was in love with her; again, that he secretly scorned her, despised her family, and only flattered her for his own amusement.

It was this uncertainty which made Ruth Fletcher sometimes tremble and blush under his regard, as timid as a frightened dove; and at others peck angrily at the hand which would have caressed her. The schoolmaster was older than the girl of sixteen, and very wise of his years; and perhaps he understood those little freaks of temper, and did laugh at her. He answered her now quite seriously:

"My relatives may have unbounded wealth; but my own store is so small that I must needs add to it. I will not beg—or, if I am compelled to, it will be of strangers and not of my own blood."

But influential friends generally set young gentlemen up in business, and help them on," urged Ruth.

"My friends did set me up in business once; but I made a miserable failure. They were severe on me, and I quarreled with them, and since then I have left them to their bad opinion of me, if you must know the truth, Miss Fletcher."

"Oh!" murmured she, "I did not mean to be inquisitive, or—or, impertinent, Mr. Otis. It is none of my business, I know; and I beg your pardon."

The soft violet eyes looked pitiously into the gloomy ones of the teacher, who replied coolly, but who seemed to have been aroused to painful reminiscences by the turn the conversation had taken. A dark, stern look that was almost a scowl settled on his handsome face; he stared into the glowing fire as if he saw some frightful picture in the ruby coals that glimmered, flashed and crumbled under the burning fore-log. It was now Ruth's turn to watch his countenance, and to wonder what was in his mind, and to wish, with all her passionate, foolish heart, that she knew more about his past life. The farmer, yawning, bade David pass around the cider, after which he and "mother" went off to bed, with an injunction to "the children" to follow speedily—a mandate which David, sleepy with some study and more coaxing, soon obeyed; but Ruth still sat by the round-table, her wistful eyes following the teacher, who, oblivious of her existence, now paced up and down the length of the fire-lighted room—his head drooped upon his breast, his whole expression indicating deep and painful thought. At intervals he would pause by the uncurtained window and gaze out on the fire-litten snow, which looked as if stained with blood.

Nearly an hour passed in this way, when he approached the table and seemed about drawing something from his breast-pocket, but started on perceiving Ruth, exclaiming, almost harshly:

"What! you here still?"

The tears had been standing in the poor girl's eyes for a long time. They now rolled down her cheeks at being addressed so curtly, and rising she would have fled from the room; but the sight of those glistening drops recalled her companion to a sense of his rudeness, and stretching out his hand he drew her back, kissed her gently on the forehead and then pushed her from him, but with a soft firmness which she could not choose to obey.

Ruth, at the door, paused and turned as if asking to be recalled; but he had again forgotten her existence, and with a heavy sigh she went away.

If the sigh which the girl breathed was a sad one that which broke laboring from the breast of the man she left, when he found himself alone, was more like a moan than a sigh. The gasp of the night-wind, shuddering at the case-moment, was not so dreary.

Oh, that lonesome, wintry night-wind! It had stolen out of the far darkness and now moaned at the fire-litten window as if pleading to be let in.

To the conscience of the man who stood there, trembling and listening, it seemed to be her voice, begging and pleading to be taken to his heart.

Her voice—the writer of the letter which he now drew from his bosom, and, unfolding, held its delicate characters to the light of the lamp.

For the huge fire had by this time smoldered down to a red core of heat, whose cheerful glow in vain strove to combat the shadows which filled the further limits of the room. Those sleepless shadows crept closer and closer about him, from every side, as he stood by the dimming lamp, reading and re-reading—as one who sees without comprehending—the lines traced on the violet-scented paper:

"I have found out where you are, Otis, as you will see by the direction of this. I am far from well this winter; indeed, I am telling you the truth. I feel that I cannot live long—at least, if you treat me as you have been doing. I wish you would come and see me. Ah, for God's sake come and see me, dear Otis. I am so lonely, now mother is dead. Come and see me just once. Oh, come, and let your poor unhappy little wife again hear your voice, see you smile, or even frown. Yes, if you come only to curse me, I still pray you to come. You cannot think how dreadful it is to be alone as I am. I lie awake all night thinking of you. I know that you hate and despise me. I am not wholly to blame. Yet, if I had it in my power, I would undo everything—not for my sake, but for yours, dear Otis. Yes, if I could go back one miserable year I would do it."

"Otis, Otis, have mercy on me, and come, if only once, if only for an hour."

"Your poor little wife," MILDRED.

And while Ruth Fletcher, the innocent school-girl, wept herself to sleep on her pillow, because Mr. Otis had been so indifferent to her that evening, the teacher stood alone in the darkening room, surrounded by shadows which chilled his very blood, while the running night-wind, as it passed, snatched at the rattling window, shaking it, and waiting out: "Come, come, come! If only for an hour, for God's sake, come!"

Oh, the terrible sting of the adder, Conscience! You may drowse it for a day, but it will start to life, and pierce your soul with mortal pangs, in the very midst of joy and fancied security.

That night it struck its fangs into the hardening heart of Otis Garner.

CHAPTER II.

A WAGER LOST AND PAID.

ONCE upon a time, in one of the elegant rooms of a certain young men's club of Boston, four young gentlemen sat at a card-table playing whist. The game itself was respectable enough; the parties playing it belonged to the *crème de la crème* of fashionable society. The only serious misfortune which had, thus far, befallen any of this distinguished quartette was the

very sad misfortune of having too much money to spend. Not having so much self-denial as money, they constantly made foolish use of the latter. They were doing so now. For, on another table within reach, stood several bottles of champagne, to which they had frequent recourse as the game progressed. The effect of this lavish supply of champagne was to make them very merry. And if we are to judge by a conversation which took place amongst them about eleven o'clock P. M., it made them as foolish as it did "jolly." In it they agreed to play a last game, and the losing partners were solemnly pledged, on their word of honor, to toss up for the lot, and whichever one of the two lost, was pledged to start from the steps of the Tremont House as the bell struck twelve on the morrow noon, and walking slowly toward the Common, offer himself to the first young woman he met, and marry her if she accepted him.

Such a wager as this was highly exciting, provoking hilarity as the game progressed; and when, at the close, Otis Garner found himself not only a loser of the game, but the owner of the gold angle which came down "before I lose," he burst into a roar of laughter, professing himself not only willing but eager to keep his promise.

All that he demanded of his gay friends was, that they should not betray the "luck" until after the walk was taken, as he did not wish his acquaintances to crowd the pavement in front of the Tremont, nor follow him, while he was fulfilling the wager. They promised to keep the secret, and the four separated at two in the morning, in glorious good spirits, feeling that they had originated an idea which ought to make them immortal.

But when Otis Garner woke up in his luxurious chamber in his uncle's house at ten the following morning, he was not so certain that he had done the brightest thing that ever was.

His uncle, he was quite sure, would not admire the idea. Otis was unpleasantly dependent on this uncle. His own parents were dead, and the few thousands of dollars they had been able to leave him—his father having lost nearly all his fortune in stock speculations shortly before he died—were spent long ago. But his uncle Garner was a childless widower, and he was the same as an adopted son to the old gentleman; so that Otis never troubled himself about his prospects. It is not strange that he rested secure as the heir of his uncle's millions for he was petted and humored like an only child.

Every one flattered and indulged Otis Garner. His beauty, his gallant ways, his high spirits, excused those little extravagances—even those dissipated ones—which his friends believed he would outgrow all in good time.

His uncle Garner had another pet—not so dear to his heart and his pride as the young man, but well-loved and cared for nevertheless. Honoria Appleton was a superb girl, beautiful and haughty as if of imperial blood, with the same dark, glowing style of beauty which distin-

gushed her cousin Otis. She, too, lived in her uncle's house and was his ward. At seventeen she had the coldness of a statue and the coldness of a woman of twenty; while the regal lily on its swaying stem was not more graceful.

Naturally enough, the elder Garner thought that a marriage of the two cousins would be the nicest thing in the world; for thus, without robbing Honoria, he could leave all his vast fortune to his favorite—his boy, indulging both his affection for Otis and his pride in the great estate, which could thus be kept intact.

Quite as naturally Honoria did not intend to fall in love with her cousin. The mere fact that their guardian looked forward to such a thing set her against it. Her cousin, to her, was her cousin—and nothing more.

There had been times when he had felt himself wildly infatuated with her; but these times, so far from being followed by periods of resentment and coldness, during which he took the opportunity of falling in love with countless other girls, worthy and unworthy.

Thus affairs stood on that bright October morning when Otis roused himself from his deep slumbers to realize that his head was aching from too much champagne, and that he had made a "confounded fool of himself" the previous night. The thought of his wager filled him with horror; but he was not the one to back out from any pledge given to his cousin. He knew it had been to drown himself in the Charles river, he would deliberately have drowned himself.

He was glad to reflect that it was ten o'clock and that his uncle had probably left the house. He was not only dismayed about the wager, but ashamed of the late hours he had kept. As yet, it was seldom that Otis, though gay, idle, and inclined to dissipation, actually went beyond the prescribed bounds.

Hanging the bell for Stickler, his uncle's valet, he ordered a glass of soda-water, and his breakfast to be brought to his room.

"My uncle has gone out," he said, inquiringly, as he sat down in his dressing-gown to the epicurean breakfast deftly arranged on a small table by the valet.

"No, Mr. Otis, he is in the library, if you please. And he told me, would I tell you he was waiting to see you, as soon as convenient, please."

This news quite spoiled the young gentleman's appetite, which had been poor enough at first; he knew only too well that he was to have a lecture from his kind old relative on his late hours; so, hastily drinking a cup of strong coffee to tone up his nerves, he proceeded to make a careful toilet, mindful, in the midst of his trouble, of the wager he was to fulfill at noon.

"How the dickens, Stickler, did my uncle find out that I was not at Miss Agnew's reception last night?" he asked, as the man was helping him with his things.

"Oh, indeed, Mr. Otis, I'm sorry to say it, sir. I've only to excuse me, but then young gentlemen as 'elped you 'ome, sir, they rung the bell that long and that loud as I couldn't stop 'em, though I opened the door at the first sound—because the waiter, in a quiet way, told me that you and Otis—and they yelled up the staircase that foolish, your uncle ran out, thinking something dreadful was up, an' they made a chair of their four 'ands an' carried you up an' stood you against the wall, an' made a ridiculous bow to my master, an' says, 'We've brought him 'ome all right. Don't let him fall over, or he'll break.' An' one of 'em fell himself, going down, and the whole 'ouse aroused by the row. Indeed, I tried for to prevent it, Mr. Otis. It's a burning shame your uncle should be allowed to know, but then gentlemen was no impropriety for anything. I hope you don't think it my fault, sir."

"No, indeed, Stickler; it certainly was not your fault. I shall remember your faithfulness when I have worn this coat of armor, and Otis tried to laugh; but the crimson flush of shame rushed over his olive cheek, to know that his foolish excesses of the previous evening had been thus rudely betrayed to the refined and sensitive old uncle who loved him so, and whose heart must ache at his nephew's folly.

"It is the last time that I ever touch champagne," he said to himself, as he went slowly down the stairs up which he had been carried in such disgraceful plight.

It was with blushing brow and downcast eyes that he stood before the grave old gentleman in the library; for Otis, though spoiled by indulgence, was neither heartless nor hardened. Love for the culprit softened the uncle's indignation; but he managed to deliver a pretty serious lecture, and to exact from the erring one a solemn promise of reform, which was meant, at the time, to be kept.

Otis Garner was in no enviable frame of mind when, at a quarter past eleven, he was dismissed from the library. He sat down, reckless and ruinous were such frolics as that just over; he earnestly resolved never to go so far in another, but to limit himself to sensible pleasures; but all these regrets and resolutions did not absolve him from the consequences of the one just indulged in. He was, however, admitted to himself the possibility of evading the wager. Should he do so he knew that he would become an object of ridicule to his associates at the Club. No! mad as he had been to enter into such a compact, being made, he would keep it. "If I killed him," his uncle's just anger, Honoria's contempt and his own life-long misery, were as nothing weighed against his word, given to his comrades. It is true that he might crawl out through the loophole of a drunken man who would be useless; but Otis' pride was strong and fiery—he was a gentleman, drunk on champagne, and he must abide the consequences of his own imprudence.

He walked quickly out of the stately and splendid old mansion which faced on the Common—just bowing to Honoria, who was waiting through the hall with her fair, patrician hands full of roses and violets which she had gathered from the conservatory, and who never had looked lovelier than now, in her long, white, sweeping morning-dress, a cluster of scarlet fuschias in her dark hair and the freshest and brightest of morning on velvet cheeks and sparkling eyes—and in a few moments had reached the steps of the hotel, where, as he expected, he found his three friends awaiting him. These had forced a reckless gaiety by renewing the appeals to the treacherous friendship of the wine, they welcomed the victim with a satirical rapture, which goaded him into a still firmer resolve to fulfill his part of the compact.

In the midst of their congratulatory remarks, Otis was conscious that he turned pale.

His friends saw it, too, and irritated him by their heartless laughter.

White and frowning, with his dark eyes burning and his lips compressed, he began the fatal promenade.

His three comrades followed, a few paces in the rear, to see "fair play," as they expressed it.

Otis Garner, as he walked slowly and gracefully through the crowd, was a man to make even those of his own sex look after him. Young, beautiful, faultless in dress and carriage, the rose-bud and pansy in his button-hole just giving the finishing touch of living, breathing romance to youth and grace, he walked deliberately on, scanning the faces of all he met. Of course, at that hour, on that street, he could not walk far without meeting women in plenty. Still, it so chanced, that he had proceeded some distance before he met one of the other sex whom he judged to be under twenty.

Suddenly he stopped in his leisurely walk.

His three friends passed him slowly, so as not to attract too much attention by their and his movements.

A young girl, coming from the opposite direction, had also stopped on the pavement the instant Otis did. She looked about her as if she had lost something.

"Mademoiselle," said Otis, respectfully, "is there anything wrong? Can I be of any assistance?"

The large, lovely, innocent eyes filled with tears, as she glanced up at him.

"Oh, sir, some one has taken my purse. I had

it five minutes ago, I am certain; and now, it is gone!"

Her tone was one of perfect despair. The look of distress deepened over her young face.

"Sixteen—pretty—and poor," was the verdict of the three young gentlemen who sauntered by at this crisis.

"Allow me to aid you in searching for it," said Otis.

"Oh, sir, what good would it do? I have not dropped it—it has been stolen," and the tears began to fall.

"Was there much in it?" asked the loser of the wager, biting his lips as he met the curious glances of his confederates.

"All we had in the world. Oh, what will mother say! It would not be much to you, sir, I know—only fifteen dollars—but, it took me so long to earn it—oh, so long! I am a music teacher," she added, innocently, betrayed into confidence by the sympathy expressed in the stranger's face.

"You! I thought you a child!"

"Well, it is true I am only a little over sixteen. But I had to do something, after papa died. I have but one pupil, sir—a little girl—and this was the very first money I ever earned. Only think of it! and the large tears began to roll more rapidly down her peach-blossom cheeks.

Otis looked very earnestly at her. Her dress was old-fashioned and poor; but it was of dark material and fitted her slender figure so well that not one man in a thousand would have noticed its plainness; for the figure itself was that of a fairy and of a grace to the garment.

Sweet little hands. Dear little feet in shabby shoes. From under a straw hat fell a cascade of glittering, rippling hair that glimmered like water made golden in the sunlight. This lovely hair framed a small, sweet face, very pure and childlike in its expression; yet with a wistful earnestness very winning. Her complexion was like that of snow-drops and pinks. It was pitiable to see the heavy tears hang on those long curved eyelashes.

"Thank the Fates, it is no worse," muttered Otis between his clenched teeth. "It may ruin me; but, at least, I can do something toward making this child happy."

At this moment his friends re-passed him, smiling mockingly. He glared at them like a savage.

"They had better remember this girl is to be my wife!" he thought; "I will horsewhip Phillips for that insolent look!"

"Will you accept fifteen dollars from me?" he asked her, pulling out his pocket-book.

"Oh, no, sir; I could not do that!"

"What is your name?"

"Mildred Lovelace."

"Well, then, Mildred, since you will not take the money, will you take me?"

"I will tell you the whole truth, Mildred. I promised these three young gentlemen who just passed that I would ask the first girl I met, after leaving the Tremont House, to marry me. It was foolish, for I might have met an old maid, or a bad one, or a very bad one, or a very good one. So I consider myself very fortunate. I will tell you who I am. I am Otis Garner, nephew of C. W. Garner, the rich, retired merchant. Now, I seriously ask you to marry me. Will you, or will you not, be my little wife, this very day?"

CHAPTER III.

SOME OF THE CONSEQUENCES.

It is little Mildred had been less of a child her answer would have been different. She looked up at this splendid fairy prince who had offered himself to her. The world—which, a moment ago, when she was bewailing her lost purse, looked so dark and cold and hungry to her—now whitened with jewels and breathed of roses, and shone as full of magic wonders as the mysterious Christmas-tree to the imagination of a child. Oh, could it be true! To have this beautiful, perfect creature, to love and pet her—to be the wife of such an angel—to be rich, and wear diamonds, and have silk and satin and give those tiresome music lessons! The thought took away her breath. The blue eyes began to shine and expand, the rosy little mouth to curl into a soft, shy smile. She looked up into Otis Garner's grave eyes trustfully.

"If you are in real earnest, I will be your wife, gladly, sir," she answered him, blushing and smiling.

"That must be for you to say, Mr. Garner. You will come home with me and ask my mother, will you not?"

"I must have her consent in order to get the license, I suppose," he replied; and then the haughty scion of one of Boston's proudest families, offered his arm to the little creature in the delicate dress and blushing face, and led her with an air of triumph, past the grinning trio who had come to a stand not far away.

"Meet me at the Church of the Ascension at five this afternoon," he said, gayly, looking back at the amazed and delighted trio.

"It's a doctored good joke," murmured one of the three, when Garner was out of hearing.

"The best—the very best—joke I ever heard of," said Jove, but Garner has grit! He will marry her, be sure as you live, the old man will cut him out of his inheritance, and there will be the mischief to pay all around. It all comes of Otis' doctored stubbornness. I thought nothing but that he would back down. Well, boys, we must see the play out. Five o'clock! By all that's jolly it's a killing joke. Will be on hand, of course!"

"Of course. And all I can say is that I hope he will not murder her after he's married her. He's got a devil of a temper, if it once gets up. He'll marry her, but he'll do after her as he likes to be seen. I would not care to be in her shoes."

"I've a mind to go after him and tell him we release him from the bond," added the third; but such a course was approved too late. Garner had disappeared in the distance, and they succeeded in seeing him again before five o'clock, although, growing remorseful, they called at his residence twice in the course of the afternoon.

At the appointed hour these frolic-loving friends departed, leaving the victim, who perhaps a dozen others, to show they had confided the story of the "fun" that was going on. The altar was decorated with flowers, the organist was playing Wagner's Bridal March, and just after they were seated, there floated up the aisle on the arm of handsome, laughing Otis Garner, a fairy figure, clad in clouds of snowy satin and lace, her exquisite face blooming in the soft shadow of the wedding veil like some delicate flower over which has been woven, while it dreamed, a fairy.

There was no mark of "the lower classes" on this dainty bride to horrify the fashionable snobs who looked on, half in mockery, half in dismay. She was fresh and lovely and delicate as a look—but whether she could ever be a fit mate to the man who stood by her side was another question.

The wildest of them grew grave as the solemn words of the marriage ceremony were spoken; the three friends, especially, felt the sting of regret, realizing keenly the folly of their ways, and perhaps mentally resolving that they never again would have a hand in such a scrape.

But the deed was done!

Otis Garner had kept his tipsy pledge, and was walking out of the church with the air of a king, but pale as death, vouchsafing no glance at his club companions, but proudly supporting the blushing and trembling young creature who clung to his arm, and whom he had taken, before God and man, as his wife.

The bride's mother, a plainly-dressed woman, evidently very much of an invalid, who had a sad, gentle countenance, walked meekly behind. On reaching the pavement the three entered a carriage in waiting and were driven rapidly away.

In less than an hour thereafter Otis entered his uncle's house, and sat down to the sumptuous six o'clock dinner as if nothing had occurred.

He was pale and silent; but this both Mr. Garner and Honoria set down to the reproach he had received in the morning. It flattered and pleased the uncle to think that the weight of his rebuke was felt so sincerely; it touched him to see the young man grave and distant; and out of the kindness of his indulgent affection, he made an effort to rally him out of his unwanted seriousness.

"None, uncle Garner. I will take Honoria if she cares to go," said Honoria. "I adore Nilsson in Marguerite," with the enthusiasm of seventeen.

Otis looked over at his cousin earnestly.

Oh, how beautiful she was! He had been madly in love with her many times; but never—never so infatuated as at this moment! The contrast between this royal beauty and that of the uncultivated little creature to whom he had just said good-by for the day, a little while ago—leaving her, with a cold kiss, weeping in her mother's arms—enhanced every charm of the former. He thought of the sweet, silly, ignorant little thing with mingled pity and disgust.

Her fawn-like manners, her unconventional ways, her simple loveliness, were hateful to him in contrast with Honoria's superb style.

To make matters worse, Honoria was in one of her coquettish moods. She glanced from under her dark lashes at Otis with a smile which fired his soul.

The maddening thought rushed through his brain that perhaps, after all, his cousin, who had taken delight in showing her indifference, had begun to care for him. Now that he had put it out of his power to ever again make love to her, there was a soft glow on her velvet cheeks and in her dark eyes. Her manner was gay and yet tender.

What man can resist the spell of this combination!

Otis felt his heart melt under her lightest glance or word.

He did not take an inventory of what she wore—Honoria had the great art to make anything she wore seem a part of her. Her taste was infallible. He only knew that he was proud of his fiancée—of her elegant dress and her splendid beauty.

Strange thoughts and dreams coursed through his brain as they sat in their box at the opera that evening.

The thrilling, passionate voice of the ill-fated Maudie came to his mind, and he remembered, in a flash, that he was the Faust who had broken her heart; but that he would still—though lashed and driven by all the devils of remorse and despair—still thrust her ashes and laugh at her honor, virtue and happiness. Mind, I do not for a moment say that she had one deliberate thought of wrong in her foolish little head. She did not intend to be wicked—she did not mean to sing her woe; she only thought she should, for she felt as empty as a "last year's nest," and she longed to fill it again—with something—anything—so it was but filled.

But she had once loved her husband with every pulse and fiber of that lonely heart.

However this may be, and however Kitty may really have felt toward her new friend, she was lonely, and she was idle; and idleness is the true parent of mischief. Did she love this man who was trying to win her? I do not think so. She tried to persuade herself that her sorrowful heart felt as empty as a "last year's nest," and she longed to fill it again—with something—anything—so it was but filled.

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Tremont, just as it is stated here. I was so unfortunate as to lose—and I had to keep my word."

"And you married the girl?"

"I did."

"The marriage was legally performed?"

BOTH ladies started. La Stella glanced anxiously at her friend, but, after the first instant, Kitty was the more composed of the two.

"Show Captain Conyers into the drawing-room," she said, quietly.

The servant disappeared, and a moment after they had entered the room, the captain, looking haggard, anxious, and ill, rushed in. His dress was disordered—his fair hair pushed back from his forehead—his whole appearance that of a man made insensible, for the time, by misery, to everything around. He did not even see La Stella as he rushed up to Kitty and caught her hand.

"Oh, I have suffered torments since I left you! Kitty, this cannot be borne! We have gone too far to turn back now, and you must be mine!"

Kitty did not speak—she could not. But La Stella, rising and coming forward, said, in her low, sweet voice:

"She does not see the necessity of that mad step, Captain Conyers—nor do I!"

"You here, La Stella?" he said, gnawing his lip, and looking utterly discomfited.

"Yes, by Kitty's own wish and request."

He looked as if he did not, would not, believe that!

"Is it not, Kitty?" she asked, turning toward her.

"It is," said Kitty, gravely. "And this, Captain Conyers, will tell you why."

As she spoke, she held the miniature toward him. He glanced at it with an air of wildest incredulity and surprise, and retreated still further from her, muttering, confusedly:

"That—Janet's picture—how did you come by that? Good heavens! Don't ask me to take it!"

Kitty laid it down again upon the table. There could be no further concealment between the two.

"Captain Conyers!" she said, in the same grave, unimpassioned voice, "your cousin Janet is dead! I was with her at the last. She left that for you! She forgave you, too. The merest chance in the world led to the discovery of your secret; but I am glad now that it is known. You will not have my guilt, my weakness to answer for at the last day, as you must have hers."

The captain, having somewhat recovered his composure during this speech, began to stammer upon some denial or excuse, but Kitty stopped him.

"Say nothing that is not strictly true, because I know all—about Louise Heath, as well as George Conyers. In a few minutes we shall have parted forever! Don't let me think that, at the last moment, you, whom I believed to be so good, so noble, and so truthful, stooped to tell a lie!"

If she had wept—if she had sobbed—if she had upbraided him—he might possibly have known how to manage her. But she was so calm, so grave, that he felt abashed and awestricken. He watched her silently as she folded the hat, the letters, and her own and Janet's picture of him, neatly in the parcel once more. He took it from her hand, when she offered it, put it in the breast-pocket of his coat, and still stood gazing at her. La Stella, seeing how well the matter was progressing, drew back into her own corner, and held her tongue.

"And this is the end of all!" the captain observed, at last. "After all our pleasant days and evenings—after all our close and intimate friendship—I am kicked out of the house like a dog, on account of a boyish folly, which was over years before I ever saw you!"

Kitty's color rose high at his tone and manner.

"You call it a boyish folly only!" she said. "I call it more. You broke a heart that loved you! You ruined a life that might have been good and pure! And for all these things God will bring you into judgment, lightly as you look upon them now! For the rest, I can only say that poor Janet's sad fate was a warning to me; but the words you have just uttered are a deeper warning still. I can never be good-by more easily now than you have spoken them!"

"Kitty, what do you mean? Do you think I could ever have forgotten—ever have forsaken you?"

"Most certainly I do."

"Then you wrong me bitterly. I behaved like a villain to poor Janet, I know; but I was a mere boy, and she was not like you. If you had trusted yourself to me, Kitty, my life would have been one long effort to make you happy."

"Words—words!" said Kitty, dreamily.

"I would have proved them true. Nay, I will still do so, if you will allow me," urged the captain.

At that speech La Stella rose and came forward with flashing eyes.

"Some allowance, I suppose, ought to be made for your position and your feelings, Captain Conyers," she said; "but, as Mrs. Oliver's friend, I must tell you, that if you dare to repeat that offer, or to insult her in any way again, I will ring the bell, and have you turned out of the house by the servants five minutes afterward."

"And if she does not, I will!" said Kitty, leaning her chin upon her hand and looking steadily at him.

If she had struck him he could scarcely have looked more astonished. He muttered something indistinctly, and turned to go.

"Stop a moment, Captain Conyers," said Kitty. "I shall never see you again."

"Never, Kitty—never! I swear that, if you send me from you now, I will join my regiment to-morrow, and bid you and Old England a last farewell together."

A little shivering sigh fluttered from Kitty's lips; but she gave no other sign of weakness.

"Well, it is better so; and I hope you may live to be a good and happy man, as well as a brave soldier."

"You would make me both."

"We will not talk more of that; but, for the sake of old times, the old friendship, I will say, 'God speed!' and we will part kindly. If you ever think of me in India forget all this folly, and remember me only as a friend, whose best wishes follow you wherever you may go."

"Kitty!"

It was dreadful to see him, as he caught her hand and kissed it, with choking sobs and burning tears. Whatever his fault might have been, it was evident that he loved her more than life itself. She turned pale as she saw him weep—she wavered, and all might have been lost, but for La Stella's prompt interference.

"True love is the most unselfish thing on earth," she said to the young soldier. "I feel for you with all my heart; but, if she is really dear to you, you will leave her now."

"Dear to me? La Stella, she is life itself! And must I leave her? Leave her to a man who cares nothing for her—who—oh, Kitty! tell me, am I to go or not?"

"Go, George!"

Brave words, that fell like drops of blood from her wrung and tortured heart! They made him love her better, even while they spoke his doom.

"I will! God bless you, Kitty!—God keep you good! Oh, it is the last time. Let me kiss your forehead. It is the last time we shall meet, unless we meet in heaven."

Half fainting in La Stella's arms, Kitty felt a cold hand grasp her own—felt the touch of cold lips upon her brow—then a door closed, and all was silent, and a dark, empty void of loneliness seemed to encompass her upon every side.

"Oh, he has gone!" she moaned, as she hid her face upon La Stella's friendly breast. "Why did you make me drive him away?"

Did she repent already? Never mind. Lavater tells us that a good deed, done at any moment, is a good deed done for all eternity; and he who faltered in the Garden of Gethsemane before His dreadful task, will surely pardon us if the frail flesh shrinks back in dismay, and repines at the rough path over which the stronger and more faithful spirit is leading it.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 350.)

Silver Sam;

OR,

The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S SCHEME.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Montana, in wonder.

"As true as that the Cheyenne runs into the Missouri," replied the Indian.

"And your name is not Red Oak, then?"

"No, I deceived you when we met on the plains of Laramie."

Both speakers were using the Indian language, which, as we have before mentioned, Montana spoke fluently.

"Well, chief, I am a prisoner here in your hands; what are you going to do with me?"

"Save you from death," replied the Indian, laconically.

"Indeed! How?"

"The Black Hills belong to the Sioux nation."

"Yes."

"The white man has trampled the feeding-grounds of our game under foot, polluted the clear water of our rivers, and the smoke of their lodges offends the eyes of the red-men."

"True; I can understand that."

"The chiefs of the Sioux nation have not sold the Black Hills to the Great Father at Washington—they will not sell the Black Hills, though the white man should cover them with blankets and pile their gold and silver money upon them until the heaps would cover the horns of the white elk!" exclaimed the Indian, in an outburst of passion.

"So I have heard."

"And your ears heard true. Are the red chiefs dogs that they should squal and fly because the white man, who burrows in the earth like a blind rat, wants the land?"

"I have understood that your chiefs refuse to sign the treaty."

"Sign the treaty which sweeps away the Black Hills from the Sioux nation!" cried the Indian, loftily. "Yes, we will sign it with the scalping-knife and seal it with the leaden bullet, red with white men's blood."

But, if I understand the matter rightly, some of the chiefs are willing to agree to the sale," Montana observed.

"Yes, it is true; some are willing to sell; dogs that they are! they would sell their souls for a drink of the white fire-water of the trader; but the real chiefs of the nation will not sell, and the Great Father at Washington must drive the white miners from the Black Hills."

Montana shook his head.

"He will not do it!" cried the Indian, fiercely.

"He cannot do it, chief; the miners have flocked in such numbers that it would take a big army to dislodge them, and the country—the white men's country—would never sanction it."

"Are treaties nothing—nothing but tricks to cheat—to fool away the red-man's land?"

"They claim that the treaty has expired."

"Perhaps it has," replied the Indian, slowly; "they say one thing and write another. They make fair promises, break them, and then complain when we fly to war."

"But, chief, excuse my interrupting you: one thing I cannot understand."

"What is it?"

"Why, when we hunted together on the plains of Laramie you called yourself Red Oak and said that you were a member of the Brué Sioux?"

"My white brother then has a good memory."

"Yes."

"He remembers the time when one blanket covered two—when a red chief came to the lodge of the white hunter, cold and hungry, and was warmed and fed?"

"Yes, it is not so long ago that I should forget it."

"Sitting Bull will not forget it, either."

"And yet I am a prisoner in your village."

"My brother is wise; old head, young shoulders; suppose Sitting Bull had sent a message to the white lodges that he wished to see his friend; would the white man have dared to have trusted himself in the hands of the warriors who thirst for the blood of the pale-faces as the hungry wolf thirsts for the blood of the halting buffalo?"

Montana shook his head.

"My brother would not have come."

"No; not at a message from Sitting Bull, but if Red Oak had sent for me I should have come."

"Moons have come and gone," replied the chief; "how did the red warrior know that the memory of his brother was not like the sands of the river, to be washed clean at every flood?"

"But you have not explained to me why you deceived me in regard to your name when we first met."

"Sitting Bull had fought the blue-coated chiefs to the north on the Yellowstone—had taken many scalps and then had been deserted by his tribe because he had made war and fought for what was rightly his. The dogs crawled before the feet of the white chiefs and promised to deliver their brother into the hands of his enemies that he might be hanged by a rope like a brute. Then Sitting Bull changed his name and fled to the south. Faint and weary, sore-footed, in the snow, he came to the lone lodge and found shelter."

"Ah! I understand now; and after the trouble blew over you rejoined your tribe again?"

"No; Sitting Bull never went back to his tribe," replied the chief, an accent of sadness in his voice. "Never more would he dwell in the same village with the false hearts who would rather crouch like dogs before the whites than strike them in the face with a warrior's hand, as a true brave should do. He pitched his lodge alone and then some few braves joined him; outcasts like himself from their tribes. Little by little the band grew, until at last no chief in all the nation could boast a better following. Eternal war to the whites was the watchword; no peace, treaty or no treaty! Not a red chief from the iron wagon-way to the great North woods, but knows that when he seeks a war-trail it has to be found by joining Sitting Bull. In the winter my young men are good Indians; they go into the Reservation and draw their supplies, half-blankets where the treaty calls for whole ones, rotten meat, flour not fit to cook, beef-cattle so poor that they cannot stand upon their feet—all his, everything; but they get powder and ball, new guns and knives, and when the spring comes they sneak off on their ponies, join me and then we take the war-trail. If it were not for the 'good Indians' being fed in the winter when the snow lies deep and we

have difficulty in getting feed for our ponies, we 'wild Indians' could not hold out as we do."

No fiction, reader, this speech of the wily Sioux, but sober, actual truth. The Government feeds the "bucks" in winter and in the spring, the moment the grass grows up enough to afford subsistence for their ponies, away they go on the war-trail against the hapless emigrant or the scantily-defended frontier post.

"And if the Government will not remove the white miners from the Black Hills, what then?"

"Then the rifle and scalping-knife must do their work!" replied the chief, fiercely.

Montana laughed, much to the astonishment of the red-skin, who looked inquiringly at him, as if to learn the reason of the untimely mirth.

"Chief, did you ever see a buffalo bull butt his head against a rock?"

"The Indian shook his head."

"Well, chief, you and your braves are the buffalo bull and his white men the rock; there are miners enough now in the Black Hills to fight all the Indians west of the big Missouri."

The chief looked incredulous.

"You'll find it is the truth."

"My brother told me that he was alone in the world and that his white kin had not used him well; the red chief thought that perhaps he would become a red-man and join the war-trail."

"And that is why you took all this trouble to bring me here?"

"Yes."

"It is useless, chief; you will fail in your undertaking. You cannot drive the miners from the Black Hills."

"Sitting Bull can die!" answered the Indian, proudly.

"Yes, but why not live, chief?"

"Of what use is it to live as the white man's slave?" the savage asked. "Sitting Bull must die some time; better die on the war-path than in hoeing corn."

And this is the reasoning of the wild son of the far western prairies, always.

Better death, rifle in hand, than life with peaceful toil.

As surely as the sun sinks in the west so surely must the red-man's race be run out as a savage.

Vainly Montana endeavored to convince the chief that his attempt was hopeless; the chief would not be convinced.

Montana partook of the morning meal and then was escorted safely back to the upper end of the West Gulch.

It seemed almost like a dream.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BULL-WHACKER MAKES A BET.

JUST on the outskirts of Deadwood city a little, whitewashed shanty displayed a rudely painted sign, bearing the inscription, "Johnny's Shebang."

Search all Deadwood over and a more respectable saloon you could not find.

Johnny, the keeper of the place—Johnny Brown as he called himself, though the chances were ten to one that he had borne a dozen different names—was a tall, thick-set, brutal-looking fellow, with every mark of the jail-bird written plainly on his face.

As we have said, no worse place in all the town than Johnny's Shebang, haunted as it was by a gang of broken-down miners, slaves to drink, petty gamblers, always ready to plunder an unwary stranger, and reckless whether they obtained their spoil by cheating the victim at cards, or by knocking him in the head in some dark spot, and vagabonds of every grade.

Not a night in the week without a drunken brawl either in or around the saloon.

Many a time the decent men of the town had calmly discussed the advisability of "clearing out"—to use the terse, expressive westernism—both Johnny's Shebang and Johnny's gang, but, as often happens in such cases, the movement had consisted of all words and no deeds.

And Johnny, too, presented a bold front and had loudly boasted that he'd make it hot for those that tried to interfere with his business, and as he and his gang were popularly supposed to be armed to the teeth, and to hold their lives as lightly as they did their oaths, the quiet, peaceable miners rather shrank from a contest with the desperadoes.

In this life ten bawling, bullying men often rule a hundred.

It was on the very night, in the early part of which the proposal of the Honorable Mortimer Campbell to buy the Little Montana mine had been known to Montana—to give Mr. William Jones his common title—that for the first time we bring the vilest haunt of Deadwood city into our tale. At the hour of nine, the saloon was well filled by a motley gang engaged in smoking, drinking, card-playing, and sundry other games of chance.

Standing in the center of a group by the bar of the saloon was the bull-whacker—on the plains the driver of a mule team is commonly termed a bull-whacker—who had so proudly challenged quiet Montana to a trial of strength and had been so easily discomfited by the miner.

The Boss Bull-whacker of Shian, as he chiefly delighted to term himself, had soon got on familiar terms with the rough crowd who frequented the saloon, and was engaged in relating sundry wonderful adventures by flood and field to the listening and astonished crowd, each man of which mentally pronounced the "Pet of the Niobrara," Jimmus Bludsoe, to be about the biggest liar that had ever encountered the mud of Deadwood.

In the midst of a tall yarn about a skirmish with the Sioux down on the Laramie trail, where, according to his own account, he, single-handed, had slain a dozen warriors and run twenty more up into the mountains, completely panic-stricken and demoralized, a man struck his head in at the door, took a glance around the room, and then disappeared.

All through his talking and drinking the giant had kept one eye upon the door, and after the appearance of the head, he suddenly concluded his discourse and bade the crowd "take care" of themselves for a while as he was "gwine down the street."

Then the bull-whacker retreated from the saloon and emerged into the air.

"Ef you're the man I think you air, whar air ye?" he exclaimed, as he stood before the door and looked up and down the street.

"Here," responded a deep voice, and the bull-whacker, guided by the sound, looked toward the upper corner of the shanty, where the shadows seemed darkest, and there beheld the figure of a man.

With his ponderous stride Mr. Bludsoe advanced to the stranger.

"Well, darn my cats! ef I seed you!" he exclaimed.

The man concealed in the shadow was about the medium height, wrapped up in a long, loose overcoat, the collar turned up around his throat, evidently for the purpose of a disguise, for the night was not cold; on his head he

wore the wide-brimmed felt hat, so common to the westerner, and this was pulled low down over his forehead, so that in the semi-darkness his features were pretty well concealed. From underneath the hat came stray locks of hair seemingly tinged with gray.

"A nice mess you made of it!" the man exclaimed, abruptly, and evidently annoyed, as the giant came up to him.

"Say! what did you want to tell me that thar warn't no fun in that man?" Mr. Bludsoe cried, indignantly, and yet with a pathetic tone plainly apparent in his voice. "Why! he's as full of fun as an egg is of meat! Did you see him pick me up an' sweep the ground with me! Durn my ole mule's tail! ef I ever got more fun for my money since I were born. Chaw my cat's ear off! ef I didn't think the cuss had broken every bone in my body! Why! that man is chockfull of fun—biling over!"

"Yes, I saw the whole affair, and he handled you as if you had been a child instead of a man nearly twice his size and weight," the stranger responded, tartly.

"Well, he did salivate me fur all I was worth," the bull-whacker admitted. "But, who in thunder would have believed that he had it in him! Blame me ef I know now how he did it. I went for him, intending jes' to pick him up under the arms an' give him a squeeze that would jes' lam the life right out of him, but 'stead of that he picked me up, twisted my head under his arm, g'n'me a grip that nearly broke my neck, and then tossed my heels up in the air, an' threw me around jes' as careless as ef I wasn't worth nuthin'!"

Now, then, slammed me down on the flat of my back jes' as ef he was tryin' to make a pile-driver out of me. Funt that Montana is full of it. Durn my hind-wagon wheels! ef I ever seed such a quiet feller turn out so lively since the day I was hatched!"

"You let him catch you at a disadvantage, and he tried a wrestler's trick on you!" the stranger exclaimed, evidently in a state of extreme dissatisfaction.

"Is that so, pilgrim?" cried Mr. Bludsoe, in a tone of wonder. "Well, I know that he got me foul some way, and now that you have explained it, I feel better. He's a wrestler, eh? Well, I reckon he is! He's jes' chockfull of wrastle an' spit a little of it on me. Say, pilgrim! I seed more stars when my head made a hole in the dirt arter he fooled with me than I did the time my ole lead mule kicked me, an' then I dislivered planets 'nuff fur four or five such worlds as this hyer!"

"If you had smashed him once with your fist it would have finished him," the tempter suggested.

"Jes' so! I reckon I ought to have done that air, but skin me fur a wagon-kiver, ef I wasn't kinder ashamed to quarrel with a chap that talked so mighty nice an' peaceable," the giant protested. "Ef he had abused me now, called me names, sed that I was a beat, or that I couldn't drive a mule, or that I couldn't drink, or some other sich insult, sich as a gentleman ought to stan', why then I would have gobbled him for my meat right away. I'm allers ready for fun, I am, fur a bigger-borned, longer-wooled, tougher old man than I am don't climb any peak from hyer to Wolf Mountain. I'm a snorter when I git a-go'in', I tell yer."

"I rather think you will have some difficulty in persuading the people round here that you amount to much after the way Montana handled you to-night," the stranger observed, sarcastically.

"Pilgrim! do the boys from Oshkosh think that I took water 'cos I let that chap in Injun fix'n his fool with me?" asked the bull-whacker, anxiously.

"That is about the size of it."

"Pilgrim! am I a whipped man? Has this hyer Montana cut my comb and drooped my tail-feathers? Kin I not fill myself with long-juice an' yell that I am chief of the ranche, without havin' some pilgrim, to me unknown, sing out Montana!"

"No, sir."

"I owe you ten dollars!" cried the giant, suddenly. "Like a man an' a brother you bet me ten dollars that air Montana was too heafy for me, an' you were right. Now I'll bet you twenty that I flax him within a week so that he'll be glad to sneak off when he hears my war-horn an' sees me hump myself for blood an' slaughter!"

"I'll take the bet!" exclaimed the stranger, quickly. "And keep your eyes about you this time!"

"I bet yer!" replied the giant, quickly. "Jimmus Bludsoe is no fool, nohow, ef he is a stranger in these hyer parts. Come in an' h'ist some p'ison!"

The stranger declined the invitation, and bidding Bludsoe good-night, hurried away, leaving the giant free to meditate upon some plan whereby Montana might be discomfited.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN ODD REQUEST.

BRIGHT and beautiful the sun shone on the shanties of Deadwood's magic city; noon had passed and the great sun-god had commenced his western descent, heading straight for the giant peaks of the Rocky Mountains and his bed in the waters of the blue Pacific bay and.

Up in the West Gulch Hollowell toiled, extracting the golden grains from the rich lead which Montana had originally struck in the valley.

The absence of his partner had sorely puzzled the honest son of the old Eastern State, although Montana was accustomed to absent himself once in a while, and was chary of vouchsafing an explanation, but Hollowell thought that he understood the matter well enough.

No better judge of "likely" ground was there in the territory than his partner, and therefore it was plain to Hollowell that Montana was quietly "prospecting" for another golden strike further on in the wilderness.

So Hollowell held his tongue and never questioned Montana in regard to his doings.

And while the miner toiled in the stream, Cosco, the dog, kept watch and ward, gravely seated upon the top of a high boulder, a hundred feet or so down the gulch toward the town.

"Pretty near time to quit!" Hollowell observed, sliding to the shore and suspending his toil for a moment to glance at the sun, now fast descending in the west.

The dog wagged his stumpy tail at the sound of his master's voice, and seemed with his eyes to blink approval of the miner's observation.

And then, all of a sudden, the dog turned his head to the southward, pricked up his ears, and a low growl came from between his white teeth.

"Sho! what's the matter, hay, beauty?" exclaimed Hollowell, understanding at once from the dog's manner that some stranger was approaching up the valley.

In the miner's eyes the shaggy-coated terrier was a beauty; although in the sight of others ugly as sin itself.

"Bow-wow!" said the dog, sharply.

And then around the angle of the valley came the person whose footfall had excited the dog's watchfulness.

A woman too; slender, handsome Mercedes Kirkley.

Dressed in excellent taste was the girl, and yet attired as plainly as well could be. Nature had been lavish of her gifts as far as Mercedes was concerned, and the adage of "beauty unadorned" could have been plainly proved with Mercedes for an example.

"By gol!" Hollowell exclaimed, as the girl advanced toward him, "if she ain't a hummer, I don't want a cent!"

Even the terrier wagged his stumpy tail and looked less savage as the girl passed by and called him a "good dog."

Both men and brutes felt the charm of Mercedes' presence; the women alone denied her power.

"Good-day, marm," said Hollowell, gallantly removing his old slouch hat and ducking his head profoundly. "Out for a walk?"

"Yes, I am very fond of the romantic wilderness of this gulch," she replied.

"And very fond of one of the owners of the principal mine in the gulch," Hollowell was tempted to reply, but being a bashful man he did not dare to joke with the girl.

He noticed the eyes of Miss Kirkley wandering searchingly around and he guessed at once that she was looking for Montana.

"My partner ain't here," he said.

"No?" responded the girl, carelessly, as though it was a matter of no possible interest to her.

"Yes, he went off last night and I haven't seen him since."



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Sunshine Papers.

Perpetual Topics—With Men.

"Ah! Mr. Brown, good-morning, good-morning. How are you? Cold morning, eh? Ay! and blustering? That's so, very blustering! It has been a most unusual winter! Do you ever remember its like? Not Nor I; never! Now, when I was young we used to have pretty hard winters, plenty of snow, you know; but never such continued severe cold weather as we have had this season. I am afraid it will injure next year's crops. If only we could have more snow; that keeps the ground in good condition for the farmers. We had three weeks' continuous sleighing! That is so; but then we need to have the earth covered with snow the whole season. That would make bad traveling in town! Oh! to be sure it would, deuced bad traveling; snow makes the streets horrible. There is no denying it; snow is bad for city people; yes, and for the poor; but it is good for the rubber trade. You aren't in the rubber trade, are you? My son-in-law is in that line, and I tell you he appreciates a good snow-storm; that drives the people to the shoe-stores."

"Do you think we are going to get rain to-day? Yes, it does look like it. Strange how much rain we get. Now, I like real clear, cold weather, in winter—tunes a man up, you know. Why, yes, to be sure, we had some nice weather last week and week before—about ten days of it—but it does not last, there's the rub! Storms amount so soon. But, rain is better than those windy, dusty days. I cannot abide dust! Time enough for that, you know, Brown, when a man has to turn to it, eh? Ha! ha! But, then, I never complain of the weather. Some people are always finding fault, as if I looked did not know what it was about. But I provide at Old Prob, and go my way, and never grumble whether it says. Clearing barometer, light winds and heavy fogs, or falling barometer, cold winds and a thaw? Old Prob is a great institution, Brown; but have you noticed what a remarkably changeable climate we have had since he took the weather in charge?"

"I think you said you were not in the rubber business? Good thing, sir! The rubber trade is mighty poor in these times. Actually, rubbers and shoes are sold continually by the big houses, for less than they can be made up; and the little houses have to give them away! yes, just give them away! I never saw such times for the rubber trade, or any other trade! Times are awful, awful, sir! Never saw the like! What is your business?"

"Dry goods, eh? Why to be sure, Brown and Brown & Co. Well, I suppose you do not mind the times so much. People must have something on their backs. Women will dress, if they have to starve their families and ruin their husbands. I do not see as the hard times ever makes much difference with the ladies, do you? Why, you don't say so! Hard times in your business, too? Doing actually nothing? Spring trade does not come in at all! Stock a dead weight on your hands? Why, it is dreadful, dreadful! What is the country, and what are the people coming to? Failures in your line reported every day! Is that so, sir? Well, I have often wondered how so many men in the goods business manage to keep their heads above water. There are so many small stores, that have but few customers; poor things! I suppose they cannot fail to go under, these times!"

"The largest firms feel the hard times the most? Now you don't tell me so! The little stores do not have such heavy expenses, nor to carry so much stock? True, true, Mr. Brown. Yes, it is a fact that times never were so bad before, within my memory! Though, I do think, some people suffer less than they say. There are Jenkins and Manning, big jobbers in

rags, you know, make as much of a howl over the times as any one; when they have done more business every month this year than any corresponding month last year. Rags must be bought, and paper made, whether times are hard or not; and they are doing a good business, and only grumble because other folks do. Now in my trade, wholesale groceries, everything is at a standstill! We are really doing nothing! The times never were so dull, and no prospect of their picking up, either! I tell my wife, if the money market does not better soon, we shall have to take quarters in the poor-house!"

CIGARS.

"Will you have a cigar, Brown? Take another—oh! no thanks! I am delighted to have you try them. They are some I import for my own special use. I pay thirty-five dollars a box, beside the duty on them. A good price, but then I know they are good! How do you like them? Tip-top, eh? Rather strong? Yes, but I like a good strong cigar, when you know it is made of the best tobacco. Do I ever smoke 'la Rosa'? No, I do not care for them. In fact, I am so fond of these I seldom use any other. There is no dependence to be placed on half the cigars you buy here. They are too mild, or too rank, or too dry, or too green. Now these are gems, sir! No fraud about that. You will find the tobacco properly cured and the same all through."

"You smoke 'Partagas' and 'Reinas,' mostly? Yes, those are good brands; first-rate. A genuine 'Reina' is excellent smoking. 'Flor del Fumars' are good, too; do you like them? Now, if you smoked a pipe, Brown, I could offer you some of the finest Turkish and Latakia tobacco you ever laid your eyes on. I get it for a friend who is an inveterate smoker, but likes the weed fragrant and mild."

"Well, here we are. Just take another of these cigars, Brown. I'm going to order some more to-day. Order you a box, too? Oh! with pleasure; and you'll be pleased with your bargain. It is very sensible of you, very. Good-morning, good-morning; by the way, I am going to reduce my business to a little more economical basis, to-day—cut down my clerks' wages! One cannot afford to give clerks big pay such times as these! Retrenchment is my motto. Good one, eh? So it is! I will not forget your box of cigars. Good-day." A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

COMPOSITIONS.

PROBABLY there is no greater horror to the scholar than the writing of a composition. The very word strikes terror to the faint-hearted—and to the brave-hearted, sometimes. Composition day is looked forward to much the same as the criminal notes the approach of his hour of execution. One thinks that the sentence passed upon the condemned man cannot be listened to with more aversion than those words of dread and dire import: "Compositions are to be handed in next Thursday morning."

The earth seems a dreary waste, the pleasant world but a desert wild. How one wishes that compositions—like poets—were born, not made! One envies the quiet sleepers in the old burying-ground, for their composition days are over. One longs to go to Heaven, where compositions are unknown. If we could but pluck compositions from trees and bushes as easily as we can fruit and flowers, there might be more pleasure in compositions, but as we cannot, they are worse than the horrors of Dante's "Inferno."

How many mothers are begged, coaxed and entreated to write missives to the teachers, asking excuses from that nightmare, compositions! How many have strange headaches come on at the time compositions should be written—some real and caused by unnecessary worryment, but others merely as an excuse to shirk the dreaded task.

Quires of paper are spoiled with commencement days that are unsatisfying, and many a merry face is drawn into the most doleful and gloomy expression at what seems a herculean task, and much time is wasted in thinking over and dreading when more might be done in accomplishing. But compositions need not be such bugbears if one would but think they were not. You can talk fast enough upon various subjects, I'll be bound. Then why not write as you would talk? Express yourself as you would in conversation, and don't think you've got to jumble a lot of big dictionary-words together to make your composition pass muster. You seem to imagine that you are obliged to forget yourself and be somebody else, and that you are to put your own identity in the grave and write as though you were jotting down other people's ideas. Be natural, like your own very self, and don't make it appear that you are a student strutting about in a professor's robes, because they will not set well upon you.

I have always found that the most general excuse for not wanting to write compositions is exactly this: "I don't know what to write about." That seems so strange to me, for the world is so large, and there is so much in it and upon it, I should think there would be enough to write about to outlast one's lifetime; and instead of one finding a difficulty in commencing, it seems as though it would be harder to know when and where to leave off. Oftentimes when one sits down to write a letter, an essay, or a story, he can think of but little to pen, but as one gets at the work and becomes interested in it, the ideas will flow, and I don't see why this should not be applicable to compositions, and yet I have heard young girls solemnly declare that they would sooner have a tooth pulled than write a composition. You can see by that what a terror it is to young minds.

Why not write of the thousand and one incidents of school life—the friendships of one forms—the habits and traits of human beings? Give a journal of your own daily life and occupations, and dull as it may appear to you, it will prove interesting to others, because it is a record of what is personal, individual, rather than of what is common to all. I am sorry to say that some people are too indolent to write compositions, which is a great and grievous fault; so they get some one else to write them, which is even worse; but, much worse still, they copy from some article which has been in print and pass it off as their own! That is a despicable bit of meanness. I would not want to have such a person's conscience for worlds.

It is better to acknowledge you are too lazy to write a composition than strive to hide that indolence by committing a literary theft. Better spur up and be more honorable. If you have a composition to write, my advice to you can be written in two words—write it!

EVE LAWLESS.

By cutting off his cigars and saving half his car-fares, every man may fill his house with blue-glass windows. By a strange paradox, blue panes make life supremely blissful.

Foolscap Papers.

A Spell of Weather.

As it is a bad day, and we can't get out to go around and pay our debts, we will sit in the house and talk about the weather—I'll do the talking. I learned to talk early and have not forgot it.

I know more about the weather than old weather himself. You have heard of old Probabilities; well, I am old Possibilities; and as far as the weather is concerned I make no guess-work of it.

My mother was a Weatherhead before me. On the parish register I find, "Jan. 15, 18—, Mr. Tobias Weatherhead to Miss Jerusha Weatherhead." She brought all kinds of weather into the family, and my father never got over it. In fact he was weather-beaten and got so under the weather that he finally left it altogether.

The weather is a big thing, and spreads pretty much over the entire surface of the globe, and some of it occasionally gets into Hoboken. There are all kinds of weather, including a few other kinds, and since the Presidential muddle it is hard for anybody to tell any more what kind of weather will be next.

Bad weather is given us so that we shall appreciate the good, and good weather is given us so we can appreciate the bad, as near as I can come to it.

The weather is regulated a good deal by the state of the atmosphere, and if the atmosphere is bad the weather is pretty sure to spoil—for the weather is not warranted to keep in any weather.

The weather like anybody else finds it easier to be bad than to be good, and so it always looks on the easiest side.

In the winter it has got to be so that we look for cold weather, and we don't have to look very far, and it is a shame. Now, how much better would it be all around if we could have cold weather in the summer and warm weather in the winter!

Nobody knows what an incalculable benefit it would be; every thing would go along smoothly then. In the hot month of July we would not be going around with fans and straw hats, and in January we would not have to lie under the stove all day. If I was President of these United States I would look into this matter a little. What we need is a little reform in the weather, as well as in anything else, and it ought to be seen to.

How much more delightful would it be to have a cold 4th of July and a hot Christmas, and warm high-rises, etc!

Cold weather is produced by the heat being all extracted from the weather, and it is left to shiver out in the air with nothing on, as it were, but a linen coat, and a little cold weather wrapped around a man soon takes the warmth out of him, and his heart yearns for a red-hot stove.

Thermometers are used to tell people how the weather is, when if it was not for them folks would never know, and would not suffer so much. This is pure foolishness, and should be abated.

Warm weather is produced by a good deal of heat getting loose and running abroad, chasing the cold over the fence, and talking possession of the premises; and just when we want cold weather it is not in the market; and that is the way with things of late.

It gets as much too hot as it does too cold, and we are in great need of a board of equalization.

Snow and ice always come with cold weather, and it is one of the most foolish things the weather can do; and that is what I despise it for.

The wind is sometimes very atmospheric, and goes around the earth as if it was after something, and I have frequently seen it blow the air entirely away, and we need what little we've got, for what is weather without air in it?

Wind, with cold weather attached to it, is an abomination and a fraud, and it is a terrible thing to swallow, and sometimes it is so sharp that you think it has been ground on a grindstone; it is too sharp.

I sometimes wish that we had no weather at all. What a delightful state would that be!

The weather sometimes falls into the creek and gets very wet. It then rains supreme. Rainy weather ought to be run through a wringer.

The weather gets pretty active sometimes, and begins to turn hand-springs and produces storms.

Storms are more violent at sea, and ships are often overcast, unless they have umbrellas to hoist and keep the wind off. Wind is very good in hot weather, but we don't always have it. If they could put up wind, cut and dried for hot weather, it would sell. In the winter the weather is generally pretty full of wind-mills, and whenever the wind gets into the weather it plays smash.

The signal office has weather stations in many parts of the United States, but for the life of me I can't see that the weather is materially changed on account of them. True, we know more about the weather all over the country, but we generally have enough around the house to satisfy us. What consolation is it for me to read that to-morrow will be sixty degrees colder than cold, when I have not an overcoat to my back, or a pad, "put on more blankets to-night," when I've got all on?

It is said that the man in the moon regulates the weather to a great extent. I don't think very much of the man in the moon. He don't know much about the business at least, or he has not been at it very long, and I am in favor of taking it out of his hands.

The weather gets so warm sometimes that I have often looked to see it burned up, and so terrible cold that one would think it would surely freeze to death.

But if it was not for the weather I don't know what people would do when they meet for a topic of conversation. The very life of all social gatherings would be gone.

It is said that the moon has no weather at all. Thrice blessed sphere! If I could hitch up and drive there, what a glorious remainder would be my end!

The weather is full of all kinds of change—except silver. The day may be warm, but then the night comes and freezes all the heat out of it, and the weather is so rigid that you could set it up against the fence. It is not satisfactory.

We are having a great deal more weather in ours than we used to have, and it is mostly a worthless imitation. It is stuffed. The real genuine articles are out of the market. There is too much bad weather on hand. The weather machine is greatly out of order.

It is a bad thing to be under the weather, that is to be under much of it. I lately thought it was under all the weather in the world. There is nothing like it to get a man down in the world.

Many people can predict a change in the

weather by their corns getting frisky—they seem to be in concord with it. There is generally more change in the weather than we have in our pockets, and I don't see why.

The weather puts on its overcoat in the summer and warms up, and it is very hard to weather the weather sometimes.

The weather depends a good deal on the latitude, and it has a good deal of latitude.

A cold winter day, spread with a slice of the fourth of July, would be better to take.

Yours, weather or no,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—The Black Hills fever has made its appearance in Maine; in fact, for that matter, it is cropping out in many localities as spring approaches, and in this connection it may be mentioned that a regular stage-line from Bismarck to Deadwood is projected.

—One day, recently, in the vicinity of Charlottesville, Va., a party of ladies and gentlemen engaged in the exciting sport of an old-fashioned fox-hunt. The ladies were early on the ground, and the call of the horn, followed the dogs closely, and were in at the death. One of them secured the brush.

—A small ridge of sand, it is found, separates the Mediterranean from the depressed desert at the "back" of Algiers and Tunis. Some enterprising engineers proposed to pierce through this sandbar, and let the sea in to overflow the desert, thinking to turn it into a navigable lake. The French Academie des Sciences countenances the idea.

—Cornell, Columbia and Princeton will row in four-oars on Greenwood Lake, New York, next July, without coxswains. The New England colleges, outside of Yale and Harvard, will probably row at New London in four-oars. Yale and Harvard will row by themselves in eight-oars, with coxswains, and Cornell has challenged the winner in this race.

—New York has just discovered that the map-makers have made her geography crooked. Whole cities are misplaced. For instance, Buffalo is two miles from where it ought to be. New Yorkers are trying to decide whether it would be cheaper to move the cities and towns to correspond with the maps, or to construct a new geography to fit the towns and cities.

—A professor of the Sorbonne, reporting on the ravages of the phylloxera (grape pest introduced from America) in France, says that where the invasion of the insect took place first, some years ago no traces are now left, for the vine itself has disappeared, and no traces are apparent that the regions in question were once vine-growing districts. Where the destroying influences are still at work the spectacle is heartrending. In many places American vines are being planted rapidly—these so far not being attacked by the phylloxera—and on these it is intended to graft the European kinds. What if our potatoes this year pass over the ocean!

—It is stated in the *Turf, Field and Farm* that the farmers in Nebraska have commenced the domestication of the buffalo. The wild animals, while young, are introduced among herds of the tame stock, only one or two at a time. Half and quarter breed are found to be very hardy, and in the yield of milk the cows raised of mixed stock give even more than the average yield of rich milk. The experiment promises well, as the endurance of the wild animals is imparted to the domestic stock. In this way the extermination of the species will take a new form, and when the buffalo becomes a legendary creature the progeny of the race will still exist in modified, though probably more useful form.

—At the recent opening of Parliament in London the queen wore a black velvet dress, with a long train trimmed with miniver and ermine, and a long white tulle veil, surmounted by the crown in diamonds. Her Majesty also wore a necklace and ear-rings of large diamonds, the Koh-i-Noor as a brooch, the Riband and Star of the Order of the Garter, and the Victoria and Albert Order. Princess Louise wore a garnet velvet dress, trimmed with ermine and steel. The jewelry worn by her Royal Highness consisted of diamonds and pearls. Princess Beatrice wore a dress of Armure cardinal, and fawn-colored poul de soie, trimmed with Brussels lace and embroidery of fawn-colored chenille, with red and bronze foliage. Head-dress—diamond star, feather and veil. Ornaments—necklace, earrings and brooch of diamonds. Orders—the Riband and Star of St. Katharine of Russia, the Order of St. Isabelle of Portugal, the Victoria and Albert, and the Coburg and Gotha family Orders.

—It is worthy of note that while a malignant hatred of Chinese individuality is fomented under cover of hostility to their immigration, our females have fallen in love with Chinese costumes and customs, in some respects, and accepted them as models. The pictures of Chinese ladies to which one has been accustomed for many years, bear a close resemblance to the American belle of the present day. The repulsive hump, the crippled feet, and the mincing gait of our women, if they do not fortify the Darwin theory of the origin of the species from monkeys at least give the appearance of refined monkeyhood. The dress, uncouth and deforming as it is, would not of itself deserve notice; but the high heels, crippling the feet and distorting the limbs, are an outrage on grace, and a defiance to humanity, entailing the authors, could they be detected, criminal responsibility. A convention of corn doctors, in the interest of their trade, could not devise a better scheme for good times.

—A young clerk in a notary's office in Alencor recently took it into his head to write letters to his fiancée in various parts of France, requesting them to call at the office of his employer on a certain morning for the purpose of receiving a communication of great importance to themselves. At the hour named, when the first hunchback appeared, the notary happened to be busy, and asked him to take a seat for a few minutes. A second hunchback soon entered, followed by a third and a fourth. While the notary was still closeted with his clients, six more hunchbacks straggled in, one after another. The clerks were unable to maintain their gravity, and the hunchbacks, after glancing suspiciously at one another, gave vent to their irritation. The notary rushed out of his private office to find the clerks convulsed with laughter, and ten infuriated hunchbacks choked with gable and rage. They showed him the letters which they had received, and after making many apologies he convinced them that they were the victims of a clever hoax.

—Blue glass mosaics: A Lanesborough, Mass., physician has put an asthma patient under marine blue. A canary bird in a Chicago mansion lost its voice about two years ago. A few days ago the cage was hung in a window in front of blue glass. Result: Therapeutic action on the cerebro-spinal nervous system. The bird can now sing the old songs.—Blue glass lamp chimneys promote literature and digestion.—A Chicago chemist says that it is nonsense to suppose that blue ray cures disease. The other rays, he says, cause and aggravate disease. In other words, it is not the presence of the blue, but the absence of the other rays that does the curative work.—A glass company on the Berkshire Hills is receiving orders for blue glass from all parts of the country.—In Buffalo blue glass is good for measles, and in Cincinnati it restores hair to bald heads.—Thomas Gaffield of Boston, in a long communication to *The Transcript*, reviews Gen. Pleasant's experiments with figs and grapes, and expresses the opinion that no man of intelligence or scientific attainments can take up the book and read it without feeling that it is removed beyond the sphere of criticism and placed among the many melancholy burlesques of science and inductive investigations which have already become notorious.

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "The Wanderer's Grave," "My First Oyster," "Concerning Our Daughter," "New Grapes," "Colter's Adventure," "An Adventure on the Mississippi."

Accepted: "The Rain," "Playing a Part," "The Coral Heart," "Lost and Won," "A Night of Terror," "Scar-Faced Sam," "Abraham's Place," "A Cunning Ruse," "Mountain Tom's Oath."

W. O. K. American Journal of Pharmacy, 145 North 10th street, Philadelphia.

R. S. The authors named are not one and the same.

W. J. We think the incident has already been used for a sketch.

Subscriber, Address Joe Jot, Jr., through this office.

M. J. T. See Palfrey's History of New England, or Trumbull's Connecticut.

E. L. S. Will send you the paper as you request. Your first request must have been overlooked.

JONNIE, AGED 10. We did send your request to Joe Jot, Jr., and will send him for you. Perhaps Joe never said down hill!

JRO. H. W. Ventriquoian is largely an acquired art, but, unquestionably, the proper adaptation of chest, tone and voice is requisite.—For chapped lips use camphor-oil.

JRO. L. Q. Have already given the recipe at least a dozen times. I cannot back numbers. Your chronography is false.—Just feel "awward" when you go in company because of a mere face blemish.

E. P. F. Judging by your statement we should say by the terms of the will there is no power under the will to dispossess the children of the property, and if the property has been sold and the money reinvested the *res* heirs' claims not compromised. They must, however, by their grossly dishonest taking steps to obtain a reversion of the estate according to the fixed terms of the will.

Mrs. J. P. M. You can send orders by mail for gloves with a sample of the color. With a tape-measure find the exact size of your hand around it at the knuckles. If the measure is six inches you take number six gloves. If six and three-quarter inches you take 6 3/4 gloves, etc. The best makes of gloves are sold by the importers of French kids, who make a specialty of those articles and keep nothing else in their stores.

CAESAR asks what will remove the "shyness" from clothing which has been worn for a time? The best way is to take the articles to a tailor who will sponge and press them, unless you have a mother, sister or wife who will undertake the duty at home. Water, in which a small quantity of borax has been dissolved, is excellent for sponging off all soiled and greasy spots, and a good deal of starch should then be used upon the wrong side of the garment. French chalk removes the most obdurate grease-spots, and ammonia (spirits) restores faded or changed colors.

JULIA D. Newtown. Polonaises are being very largely made up for spring suits. They are very plain at the waist, all the draping being near the bottom of the skirt. The prettiest sleeves for dresses to be worn mostly in the house are made tight to an inch or so below the elbow and then finished with one, two or three ruffles or flanges, falling loosely over wide crape lisse edging. Bracelets should be worn with this style of sleeve; many ladies are partial to black velvet ribbon tied about the arm in a tiny bow. In the case of the most delicate sets off to advantage the whiteness and roundness of the arm.

HENRY, Barrytown, says: "In an account of a recent love-affair that was quite the sensation for a few days, I saw a quotation something like, 'But why did you kick me down-stairs?' Will you tell me the correct words, and where they are from, or who first used them, and about what?" The quotation reads thus:

"Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love. But—why did you kick me down-stairs?" It is from "The Panel," Act I, Scene I, by J. P. Kemble, an English author, who lived from 1787 to 1828. We cannot tell you more about the words without reading the play, which you, yourself, can do.

H. E. writes: "If a lady receives the announcement of a wedding and her friend receives not only the announcement, but also the wedding card, you do not think the first lady has a right to feel insulted?" Often cards for a wedding are sent to mere acquaintances, while cards for a reception are issued to more intimate friends, and the discrimination is considered quite proper; but where an announcement card only are sent out the calling card should not be excused. The cards should only be sent to those whose future acquaintance is invited. The marriage notice in the newspapers is sufficient notice to those whose acquaintance is not intimately desired. So, in the case of a wedding, the lady certainly is justified in looking upon the matter as a slight.

MILLIE DUANE. The mats of which you speak are made upon bagging, or large sacks, that have been used for merchandise. If very thick and over-threaded a single thickness only is needed to work upon; but this sacking is generally used doubled. The patterns are worked in double, and the designs and the colors should harmonize with the prevailing colors of the room in which the mat is to be used. Initials or a monogram may be embroidered in the center, and the edge is finished with a narrow or bullion fringe or a crocheted border. These mats are very bright and pretty before bureaus, lounges and toilet-tables. Bright mats of cast, neatly bound, are serviceable to lay over worn places in the carpet; and some ladies embroider covers of linen crash, and use them as end-guards articles of furniture as are so much used as end-guards wearing of spots in the carpet.

"LORD BYRON" asks: "What is the nicest perfume for the breath after smoking? Is there any motto or meaning connected with diamonds, precious stones? If so what stone is emblematic of constancy? Is it true that opals are unlucky stones?" The finest and most effective perfumes and perfumers of the breath are: Keep upon you which you can make yourself, or get some reliable druggist to make for you. Mix, with warm water, to a stiff paste, is very good. Rub with a piece of three drachms of vanilla sugar, and a drachm of gum arabic; roll out into small lozenges.—Most precious stones have an emblematical significance. Garnets signify constancy, and are supposed to be particularly appropriate as the ornaments of a person whose birth month is January. There is a tradition that opals are unlucky stones to wear, and there is also an acceptance of them as the emblem of "hope." Think as you choose, since neither opinion will alter the fact that they really are without influence for good or evil.

NETTIE H. says: "I am troubled with pimples on my face, and would like to know of some medicine that would remove them without harm. Also, I have flesh-worms, and will be much obliged to you if you will recommend anything to cure me of them without injury to the skin." Make a mixture of thirty-six grains of bicarbonate of soda, one drachm of glycerine, one ounce of spermaceti ointment. Twice a day, say at rising and at bedtime, rub the mixture upon the face. Let it remain on fifteen minutes, and then wipe it *very* all off with a soft cloth. Or, there is a still more simple remedy, which you might try first. Keep upon your toilet-table a bottle of rose-water (one pint) with which is mixed one teaspoonful of carbolic acid. This is a healing and purifying lotion for the face subject to pimples. Suppose you cure the pimples first; then you can take the flesh-worms or comedones in hand by using this wash: three drachms of essence of roses, four ounces of distilled water, eighteen grains of subcarbonate of soda.

MISS INQUIRIOUS asks: "Can different colors be produced in blanc mange? If so will you give me the recipe?" You can make blanc mange *yellow*, *chocolate colored*, *red*, or *pure white*. The yellow and pleasing to have the four varieties upon one flat dish surrounded by sugared fruit or some contrasting color of jelly. Make the blanc mange first; put a pint of milk, with sugar, salt and lemon flavoring to taste over the fire; reduce two tablespoonful of corn-starch to a smooth paste, with a little milk; when the milk is almost to a boil, stir in the paste and *boil*—stirring all the time—about five minutes. Turn out into a fitted bowl, or deep glass dish. The blanc mange is made in the same manner, but flavored with rose and colored with a trifle of cochineal. Yellow blanc mange is flavored with vanilla, and has the well-beaten yokes (not the whites) of two or three eggs added to the milk. Make chocolate blanc mange in a like manner, but grate two tablespoonful of chocolate, reduce to a fine powder, and mix with a little water, and add to the simmering paste with *boiling* water, and add to the simmering paste. Make the same quantity of each, use the same style of mold for each, and when cold and solid, and turned out upon the same dish, the effect is delightful. It is a simple but showy dessert. Serve in saucers, with cream and sugar to taste.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—All advertisements in our columns stand on their own merit. We in no way endorse them. We insert none that we think are objectionable.

JUST A PASSING CLOUD.

BY MARCO O. ROLFE.

"There! Go your way now, John—our engagement's at an end! Don't try to explain, John—you cannot the matter mend."

"For I am heartily tired, John, and nearly sick of life."

"I'd never make you happy, so I'd best not be your wife!"

"Wait a minute, Jennie, and heed what I have to say: You know, or ought to know, that it never was my way To treat my true love harshly, or say to her what's true; But I wish you wouldn't flirt with that old Captain Strong!"

"I won't be taken to task, John, every time I stir! And there's your cousin Clare—and you were flirting with her! You paid your best devotions, sir, to her at every chance, And I saw you squeeze her hand twice in a single dance!"

"I didn't mean to pain you, Jen—I wouldn't for my life; I'll stop if you'll forgive—"

"And I'll be your little wife."

"Then we'll forgive each other—"

"Yes, and wedded be ere long!"

"Then I'll not care for Clare—"

"No, nor I for Captain Strong."

Great Captains.

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE,
The Liberator of Scotland.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

THE race of Scottish kings that expired with Alexander III., (1286), left Scotland a well ordered and prosperous nation, with a promising future. But Alexander died childless, and his granddaughter, Margaret, "the Maiden of Norway," (daughter of Eric, King of Norway) was his successor. To unite the crowns and kingdoms of England and Scotland, Edward I., of England, now effected a betrothal of the Maiden of Norway with his son, Edward. The early death of Margaret, however, prevented this prospective union, and opened the way for the cruel war, the insurrections, the social and political disorder which thereafter afflicted Scotland.

In the contest for the succession, which followed, the wily and wholly unprincipled Edward I. saw his opportunity to acquire virtual sovereignty over the sister kingdom. He induced the Scots to accept himself as arbitrator between the rival claims of John Balliol and Robert Bruce, descendants of David, the Scottish king. Under guise of passing over to the successful claimant all the strong places in Scotland, Edward possessed all those places, and, by espousing the side of Balliol, hoped to make him a mere vassal. John was nominally crowned, (Nov. 30th, 1292), but Edward really was master. This greatly incensed the Scots; and Balliol, to break his dependency, made an alliance with the King of France, with whom Edward was at war. This, of course, gave Edward all the pretext needed for invading Scotland, and, defeating the armies of Balliol, finally took him prisoner, and bore him to London. There he remained, while Edward held Scotland under a severe vassalage.

During this period, (1296-97), the English garrisoned all the towns, and the enmity of all classes of the Scots grew daily, so that outbreaks were incessant and bloodshed was common. Then first appeared William Wallace, soon to become so renowned in history as the liberator of his country. He was outlawed for having stabbed and killed a young Englishman for his insolence, as early as 1292, and, taking to the woods as a retreat, gathered around him those brave spirits who were afterward to become a terror to the enemy and the hope of Scotland.

William Wallace's whole history is in much obscurity, and of his early life we have no really authentic data. He is supposed to have been "well descended"—his father being Malcolm, Knight of Elderslie and Auchinbothe, in Renfrewshire, and his mother, Margaret, a daughter of Sir Raymond Crawford, of Ayr, and Sir Malcolm's second wife. William was born about the year 1270—about the middle of the reign of Alexander III. He was, it is now probable, well educated for those rough times.

He grew to a manhood of herculean strength and undaunted courage, and detesting the English with a fierce hatred, he not only swore no fealty to Edward but took up arms against him. He fell upon their detachments and posts. From his haunts in the woods around Ayr he would issue to perform feats of daring and adventure, that to this day are recalled by Scotsmen with loving pride. The story of these exploits, purely legendary as they are, have grown into accepted history, and no volume in the library more enlists the attention of boy readers than the largely apocryphal biography of Wallace.

When the "rising" against Edward occurred, Wallace's band became a natural nucleus of rebellious and patriotic spirits. In May, 1297, he began to strike boldly at the English posts, to seize English property, and to concert open rebellion. He drove the English justiciary, Ormesby, from Scone, where he was holding his courts, and Ormesby only escaped capture and summary vengeance by flight. This high-handed and "overt" act precipitated the "rebellion." The Scots seemed to rise everywhere. Many of the Scottish barons either openly joined his ranks or favored his designs, until the movement became so formidable that the Earl Warenne, the royal governor of the subdued kingdom, called in an army of 40,000 strong to march against the insurgents.

Strong enough for a predatory warfare, the Scots were not ready for such a mass of disciplined troops, led by Lord Henry Percy. They gathered at Irwin, in a strong position, but as each baron assumed to command his own retainers, the Scottish force was found to be so wanting in coherency that one after another of the leaders began to waver; and Lord Percy, wise enough to profit by these dissensions, made terms with so many of his adherents that Wallace was compelled to abandon the field, and again become an outlaw (July, 1297). In his resentment he plundered the house of the Bishop of Glasgow, and carried off his family to the north. He was not discouraged but disgusted with this defection of the nobles, and thereafter looked only to his immediate friends for succor. Patriotic hearts and brave souls came at his call, and he soon gathered army enough to take the castle of Dunottar, to clear Aberdeen, Forfar, Brechin, and other towns of their English garrisons, and then laid siege to the castle of Dundee. These successes again started an English army for his destruction; so, leaving the siege of the castle to the people of the town he turned toward Stirling to guard the passage of the Forth, taking position

behind the Abbey of Cambuskenneth. Again the English, now under Warenne, tried diplomacy, but Wallace answered the governor's emissaries: "Return and tell your masters that we came not here to treat but to assert our rights, and to set Scotland free. Let them advance; they will find us ready!"

This defiant answer greatly incensed the English officers, who all demanded to be led at once upon the bold Scotsman, vowing to wreak a dire revenge on him for his temerity. Warenne started for the Scotch position, by crossing the Stirling bridge; but Wallace then struck and overwhelmed the confident enemy, September 11th, 1297. The defeat was terrible, and the English, abandoning all, fled in a disorderly rout, pursued by Wallace, who thus rendered their disaster complete.

This great victory was quickly succeeded by the fall of Dundee Castle and other strongholds; the Scots occupied Berwick, and for the moment Scotland was free! But, the victor did not pause. He passed into England, ravaged the country up to the very gates of Newcastle, and returned to his own wretched country laden with spoils and supplies.

Of course Wallace was the hero and people's idol. He was then knighted, and in 1298 assumed the title of "Governor of Scotland in the name of King John (Balliol) and by consent of the Scotch nation."

Edward was fighting in Flanders when news of this disaster reached him. He at once returned to England, and marched into Scotland, his army in two detachments. One under the Earl of Pembroke landed by sea in the north of Fife. Wallace was ready for this incursion. He gave Pembroke battle and administered a signal defeat (June 12th, 1298), then turned upon King Edward, marching in by way of the eastern border, so strong as to compel submission as he advanced. The castle of Dirlton made a sturdy defense, but had to surrender to Beck, Bishop of Durham—for in those days prelates were also military leaders, by virtue of their authority over men.

The peril to Scotland was imminent enough. The most patriotic flew to arms; but many of the barons, timid or time-serving, made their peace with the invader, and kept their retainers from the field, paying Edward princely prices for his forgiveness. But to the national standard flocked thousands ready to suffer and die, if need be, for their country. Wallace gathered these in watchful readiness to strike when the moment came.

Falling in receiving provisions by sea, in the Firth of Clyde, Edward had to retreat for subsistence to the eastern border. The Scots followed closely, and had advanced to Falkirk when the English king turned suddenly upon them, and a terrible battle occurred, in which the Scots were defeated with great slaughter and their army completely dispersed (July 22d, 1298). Wallace and his confederates fought with incredible valor, and himself performed amazing deeds that day, if we may believe the popular legends and the romantic rhymes of the "Blind Minstrel," Harry, who wrote nearly two centuries after the hero's death.

After this defeat Wallace passed from power as "Governor" and leader of the army. He resumed his old haunts, however, and gave the English infinite trouble by his daring raids and tireless hostility. Robert Bruce, John Comyn (Comyn) and the bishop of St. Andrew's were chosen guardians of Scotland in the name of the absent Balliol, still in London—a virtual prisoner to Edward. These men acted patriotically. All the country north of the Forth was still in their undisputed possession, as well as the country of Galloway. The English king, repairing Stirling Castle, which Wallace had ordered to be burned, was there besieged, and at the close of the year he retired, in some disgust—having made little headway in subduing the "rebellion."

The succeeding year he returned with a powerful force, wasted Annandale and reduced Galloway, when a truce was effected, to last until Whitsunday, 1301. Then another strong army advanced into the doomed kingdom, under the English regent, John de Legrovo, and near Roslyn met the Scots under Fraser and Comyn. A succession of battles was fought: "on the first Sunday in Lent," 1302. The English coming up in three divisions were fought and defeated, in three battles; the first two divisions being almost wholly cut to pieces and destroyed, but the third, after defeat, owing to the exhaustion of the Scots, was not pursued, and Legrovo retired to Edinburgh. In this memorable battle Wallace appears to have had no part. He was, we are told, at enmity with most of the Scottish leaders, whose divisions were incessant and whose jealousy of the people's hero seems to have led to the half-outlaw life he pursued. His band was strong and greatly attached to him. He led them with his old intrepidity and success during the two years following the battle of Roslyn, when a bitter but desultory struggle was maintained, in which the English, by weight of numbers and plentifulness of supplies, gained such advantages over the wretched, half-starved Scots, that, when Comyn was defeated before Stirling Castle, the last hope of Scottish liberty expired, and Edward dictated his own terms of peace and submission.

Bruce and Comyn surrendered themselves, along with the other leaders. Only the brave Fraser refused all terms. He fled to join Wallace, up in the northern hills, where the two leaders tried to rouse their countrymen to continue the struggle. But it was hopeless; even Wallace lost heart. "Amid the wreck of the national liberties," one historian writes, "Wallace scorned submission. He had lived a free man and a free man he resolved to die. The season of resistance was past. He perceived that there remained no more hope, and sought out a place of concealment, where, eluding the vengeance of Edward, he might silently lament over his fallen country."

The final peace of capitulation and submission was signed at Strathorde, Feb. 9th, 1304. In this document, (written in French), Monsieur Guillaume de Galets was invited to "give himself up to the king's mercy, if he so pleased," but, de Galets, (or Waleys, as he himself spelled his name), did not give himself up, and in a parliament or convention of the Scotch nobility called by Edward, he and Fraser were declared outlaws, and agents were set to work to discover and betray them. One of these agents, Ralph Haliburton, was successful in discovering the haunt of Wallace, and in placing him in the hands of Sir John Monteith, at Dumbarton Castle. By Monteith the "outlaw" was at once sent, under strong guard, to London.

His arrival there created an immense sensation, and the very next day, (August 23d, 1305), he was escorted by the mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen to the great hall of Westminster, where he was arraigned as a traitor to the king, and as having burned villages, stormed castles, and slain many of the subjects of England. "I could not be a traitor to the King of England," he boldly answered, "for I was never his subject, and never swore fealty to him. It is true I have slain many

Englishmen, but it was in the defense of the rights and liberties of my native land."

But, what availed any plea before a court ordered to condemn him? He was found guilty and sentenced to a death of atrocious cruelty. On that very day, after being dragged to the usual place of execution—the Elms, in West Smithfield—at the tails of horses, he was there hanged on a high gallows, but, ere he was dead, he was taken down, and while yet alive, was disemboweled, and the bowels burnt before his eyes; then his head was struck off and his body cut into four quarters and sent to Scotland. His right arm was set up at Newcastle bridge, his left at Berwick, his right leg at Perth, his left at Aberdeen, while his head was put on a pike on London bridge.

The monstrous cruelty of this execution is but one of ten thousand stains that spot the cloak of royalty in English history. Edward, himself a brave man, must have admired the heroism of his victim, but it is discreditable to the monarch and the man that one who never had sworn fealty to him should be condemned at all for treason, while it covers his name with infamy that that condemnation was enforced with barbarity simply monstrous.

The monarch hoped, indeed, by such an example to deter the Scots from ever again rebelling against their lord and master; but, as Tytler says: "If Wallace already had been the idol of the people—if they had long regarded him as the only man who had asserted, throughout every change of circumstance, the independence of his country, now that his mutilated limbs were brought before them, it may well be conceived how deep and inextinguishable were their feelings of pity and revenge."

In less than six months after the patriot's sacrifice, Scotland rose in her very despair, and under the leadership of Robert Bruce shook off Edward's detested reign.

The Red Cross:

ON,
The Mystery of Warren-Guilerland.
A STORY OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

CORDELIA had taken advantage of the return to New York of a married lady acquaintance of hers, to make her journey thither under more conventional, if less sympathetic protection than that of her new friend, Dr. Herz. Mrs. Castlemaine, a delicate Southern matron, with more of the English language and dependence than is characteristic of the brave, self-reliant Northern American lady, Miss Cora Gayleure's explanation that she was unexpectedly sent to the city to meet a friend who had arrived from Europe, was quite sufficient. She was too much engrossed with the tremendous task of transporting herself, her three infants, their nurse, and seventeen trunks in safety to her brown-stone palace on Thirty-fourth street, to occupy her mind with the affairs of her lovely companion; besides which, she felt a secret conviction that the abrupt appearance of Dr. Herz in the railway car at the last minute, and his cool appropriation of the seat facing her and Cora, was entirely owing to her own delicate fascinations, and that it was her duty to reward the dear foolish man for his devotion, by being as attentive to him as she dared without giving him too much encouragement. Consequently, the little group performed the trip in amicable proximity to each other, Mrs. Castlemaine reveling in the deliciously naughty excitement of the supposed illicit intrigue; the infants frequently called forward to enhance the matronly charm of her mamma by being pressed with touching adoration to her sensitive bosom, while her large, soft, gazelle eyes sought the German's in pathetic eloquence, as if she would entreat his forgiveness if she remained obdurate to his passion; but how could she wrong these darlings? Cordelia sat at her side, pale and serious, sunk in depths of troubled thought that she was almost unconscious of the few heart-searching glances bestowed upon her snow-drop face by the gracefully agreeable German, whose conversation was directed exclusively to his fair apparition.

Cordelia was intending to drive at once to the Brunswick Hotel, where she had telegraphed already for rooms. She would spend the night there, hoping that the next night she would be under her mother's protection, perhaps flying by night train for some distant city. Mrs. Castlemaine's infatuation however unexpectedly brought about a different arrangement; as follows:

When near the end of the journey, Dr. Herz coolly turned from the fascinating matron to her self-absorbed companion, and placed himself so entirely at her disposal, and with such respectful earnestness, that the fair Helen's eyes were opened rather suddenly to the true state of matters, and, mortified to have made the mistake, and on thorns lest the German should have detected it, she did the one thing in her power to throw dust in his eyes. His desertion of her at the station, for Miss Cora, would have been so uncomfortably palpable, that she resolved to keep the little party together, continuing her attentions to the doctor without a shade of difference, except that her amiability was on Cora's account instead of on her own.

"Go to the Brunswick, indeed! Not one step, my love," she cried; "you shall honor me with a little visit, until your papa and mamma come to the city. No, not one step, I say!" for Cordelia was declining; and Dr. Herz said shortly:

"Mrs. Castlemaine is right; the publicity of the hotel is sure to be unendurable to a lady of your tastes. Remain with your friend until your mother joins you; I shall visit you, with her permission, when I have effected the commission you have honored me by permitting me to undertake."

And Mrs. Castlemaine had her reward in his chivalrous care of her, the three infants, and the seventeen boxes, all of which he dispatched in comfort and good order by the various necessary conveyances to her home, himself accompanying the party to the door, and shaking hands with the lovely matron most frankly in parting.

Thus poor shrinking Cordelia was saved from the horror of facing the world alone; and as Mrs. Castlemaine was gentle, high-bred, and really amiable, she accepted her kindness with immeasurable thankfulness.

The travelers had arrived in the city about five o'clock of the evening, and as Mr. Castlemaine was unexpectedly absent in Philadelphia for the night, his wife was left to the dullness of her welcome home, and wishing she had remained one day longer at charming Berravelt (only in that case she should not have had the felicity of her dear Miss Cora's society), when Dr. Herz's card was brought by the footman, and presented to Miss Cora.

Changing color nervously, she excused herself to her hostess, and a moment afterward was standing in the magnificent drawing-room before the German, her small, trembling hand between both his, as he looked earnestly down in the clear mirrors of her eyes.

"I have thought of a plan to prepare you for the ordeal," said he, with a kind smile; "you shall see your mother, yourself unseen, and thus gather strength and heroism for meeting her with the unhappy purpose you have on your mind. I have been unable to obtain an interview with Colonel Valrose; he did not arrive home until seven, and then they dined, and I did not disturb him; I was about to call at eight when he, a lady friend, and your mother, went out for the evening to the Hippodrome. You can see them there safely and easily; will you come?"

Gratefully the anxious girl accepted this thoughtful attention, suggesting however that Mrs. Castlemaine should accompany them, to which Dr. Herz yielded at once.

Consequently, about nine o'clock he might have been seen entering the fairy scene with an elegant lady on one arm, her fine countenance perfectly brilliant with animation in her pleasure at her unexpected good fortune; and on the other, a tall, slight, gliding sylph, completely draped and veiled in clouds of rich black Spanish lace, through which her eyes glittered feverishly, and her splendid burnished hair alone lighting up the somber yet exquisitely elegant costume she wore.

And Berthold's purpose? He had seen Kercheval, he had read him; struck to the soul with an awful dread he had hurried to bring Cordelia on the spot, that she might once more save Colonel Valrose's life.

From the hour when Berthold had watched Kercheval turn finally from the death gulch, with some mysterious purpose flaming in his eyes, he had been haunted with a dim foreboding of evil. Compelled by the exigencies of his private scheme to return without delay to the Caves, he had lost sight of him, and his glimpse of him as the colonel and his two companions passed into the Hippodrome, revealed in a blinding flash the fatal caprice which had taken possession of him.

Therefore, Cordelia to the rescue. As they entered, the orchestra on its distant stand was playing one of Liszt's sinister Rhapsodies; the weird, mysterious strains were moaning and sighing with throbs of passionate suffering and mocking interpolations of sardonic joy, all adown the leafy, grassy, flower-starred vault, laced and interlaced with its arcs of jewel-tinted lamps; two streams of gorgeously-attired people, with stately step measured to the lofty music, wound round the broad, smooth promenades, one stream going one way, the other the other, so that, as on the Corso at Rome, every man and woman there passed face to face at one point on the course every other man and woman; the air was loaded with a cool, moist, leafy scent, spiced with choice cigars and the odors of the delicate refreshments which waiters were briskly slipping about the little rustic tables with, upheld in pyramidal trays on the palms of the professional hands, at an altitude that threatened instant destruction, and threatened only. The dresses of the ladies flashed forth their richest, choicest hues under the soft, rainbow-tinted light which gushed from the innumerable arches of gas-jets. The reserved seats, or rather boxes, and the rustic arbors of the upper tiers, glittered and glowed with royal silks, white arms, and scintillating gems, like beds of flowers sparkling with dew-drops. What with the soft crush, the well-bred undertones, varied now and then by a silvery girl-laugh or the deeper tone of some young blood; the drifting sea of faces presenting every feature and expression imaginable; the dark glossy green of the leaf on one spread as a background, with the vision here and there of a Sabrina or Diana lifting up her perfect form of chilling marble; this notable scene seemed to the beauty-loving Cordelia like some fairy phantasmagoria, from which she might awake regretfully any moment.

And suddenly came the awakening, came with a shock of indefinite agitation.

Passing the waterfall among its glistening pillars of rock, Cordelia felt her arm pressed tighter within that of Dr. Herz, and, glancing up, saw that his gaze was fastened upon something about the rockery. Looking in that direction, she met the fiery gleam of a pair of eyes, the possessor of which was completely concealed behind a rough column of the rockery, quite beyond the limits open to the public. So red was the glitter of these eyes, and so fixed and unwavering, that at first Cordelia uttered a terrified exclamation, supposing them to be the eyes of some wild beast which by accident had escaped its cage and had taken refuge among the stones. Berthold, however, halted, earnestly endeavoring to make out the creature, and thus Cordelia perceived that it must be a human being; she then saw that the light of the eyes from the ground was that of a tall man; then the eyes disappeared and only a black shadow lurked behind the pillar.

"Some poor wretch who should not be there," said Dr. Herz, with an assumption of indifference, drawing them on again, and Cordelia walked on, wondering at the uneasiness which had taken possession of her, and thinking of the red eyes with a persistency which annoyed and wearied her.

Presently Dr. Herz placed the two ladies in a private arbor, and, excusing himself for a moment, walked rapidly back to the waterfall, and stood in front, waiting, as Cordelia could see, for the vagrant to reveal himself.

The silvery murmur of Mrs. Castlemaine's cheerful chatter fell unheeded on her ears; the fair scene swam with a haze over it before her eyes; an inexplicable uneasiness possessed her, and all around was dream-like and unreal, that distant figure which waited for the owner of the blazing orbs alone seeming a reality.

A soft gloved hand on her pearly arm as it lay on the red velvet of the rail in front, and Mrs. Castlemaine's tones raised to a pitch of animated surprise, recalled her to herself.

"Do you hear, my dear? Look at that exquisite lady who is trying to make you out!" she was saying.

Cordelia looked where she designated, at one of the benches in the inner circle, near the orchestra-stand; and there she saw her mother, gazing at her, white and motionless, lips apart, hands clenched and pressed upon her heart, and her large blue eyes almost starting from their sockets. In spite of the thick veil which completely shrouded Cordelia's face and figure; in spite of Madeline's belief that her daughter lay under the sands of the Arabian desert; in spite of reason and reality, the mother's eyes had traced a likeness to her darling in the veiled lady, and the mother's heart had risen up in wild craving for one glimpse of the hidden face.

"She thinks she knows you," said Mrs. Castlemaine, eagerly, "and perhaps she does, oh!"

"No—no!"ammered Cordelia, choking; "she is mistaken."

"I think it must be you who are mistaken,

my love," urged the lady; "remove your veil and allow her to see you better; the light can't hurt your eyes for so long." Cordelia's excuse for veiling had been on account of weak eyes caused by a headache.

"No," she said, decisively; and turned her back upon the eager gazer. How beautiful her mother was! Far, far lovelier than she had ever seen her before; the delicate, silvery-yellow masses of hair which used to harmonize so exactly with the purity and pallor of her charming countenance, had grown perfectly white and glistening like dazzling silver, and these wonderful tresses now framed in wavy masses her small oval face, with its features as sharply cut and as divinely, majestically free from all earthly taint of sin or weakness as those of Hiram Powers' ineffable statue of "Purity," before which the poor flesh-and-blood woman who prays for a heart white in God's eye, stands abashed, realizing the unfathomable depths between her (with all her passionate longings toward the good and the crowding hosts of sins and weaknesses which nullify them) and this type of that which she would be. White-souled as this seemed Madeline, the wronged wife, in the despairing eyes of her daughter—her daughter who had come to rescue her from a situation which God and man equally branded as "abominable"—"criminal," to rescue her at the risk of the truth leaking out and murdering her with its crushing shame!

"Oh, God!—oh, God! Let her not suffer—the innocent for the guilty! Take her to Thyself rather than let her know!" cried Cordelia's heart, convulsed with loving pain and dread.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Castlemaine rattled on, quite excited over the unknown lady's beauty, elegance and curiosity concerning the veiled Miss Gayleure.

"What a picture she would make with those wonderful orbs, palpitating and scintillating—only that canvas and pigments never could express light; with her small pure face, and masses of silver hair, (must be her own, no mortal could ever come up to that tint, had he all the wizard-brews of the ancient alchemists in his laboratory,) and her costume, with what consummate skill it is selected to enhance her loveliness without obtruding its costliness upon even the feminine attention! But, who is the gentleman? A military notable, I presume; the other lady I think I know—Miss De Forest, daughter of financier John De Kalb De Forest; immense people. They are somebody, that is evident. And—ma foi! somebody evidently worth knowing, for here comes the brandy-cracker-prince, papa, mamma and all the belles; they stop at the shrine of our incognita, kneeling in humble homage; they are jostled aside by Frank Harmony and Gelet Magnus, the very biggest art lions in town; who can they be?"

Thus the lady ran on, keeping eager watch on the colonel and Madeline, while poor Cordelia sat numb and quivering, wishing the earth would open and swallow her up rather than that she should be the instrument to bring misery and shame upon those so tenderly beloved; and yet, thrilling with an almost irresistible eagerness to rush over to that bench and throw herself in her parents' arms.

Colonel Valrose and his wife, we remember, had once resided in New York, he being a millionaire, and she as accomplished as she was beautiful; they occupied a prominent position in New York society; but they had been absent from their native land upwards of four years, consequently Mrs. Castlemaine, who had but lately come north, was not acquainted with them.

Cordelia had, four years before, but newly emerged from her boarding-school, and had not been presented to society yet, when she had been taken away by her parents upon the grand tour, so that although she had already recognized many faces in the passing throngs of the colonel's house, she felt little apprehension of their recognizing her, partly owing to the radical change which travel and time had passed upon her, partly because of the universal supposition that she had perished abroad. Besides, her jealousy-drawn veil balked all inquisitive glances. She now perceived with tumultuous emotions the homage which society paid her returned parents; every fresh evidence of the respect accorded them by the world showing forth with more ghastly distinctness the horrible nature of the denouement she was there, bound by conscience, to bring about.

Waiting until the prattle of her companion assured her that the attention of her mother was at last withdrawn in evident disappointment from herself, she stole long hinged looks at Colonel Valrose, the man whose love she had all her life prayed God to win—the man for whose sake she had been willing to lay down her life in all its bright young bloom.

Even yet, knowing what he was, and how little right he had to his place beside that white-souled woman, her heart went out to him in an agony of love and regret; she recalled his last wild, passionate, self-reproaching whimpers as he held her, (for the first and the last time) pressed to his heart, kissing her white smiling lips and tear-filled, adoring eyes, and her breath came faint and gasping. She leaned further and further across the velvet rail, her eyes shining wonderfully through her veil, so that many a passing pair turned to catch again the fiery glitter of those two stars! And suddenly the colonel, compelled by some magnetic power to raise his eyes to hers, stood up, gazed, waxed white as death. Muttering some hasty excuse in the ear of Madeline, and (even then mindful of her) throwing her carriage wrap across the corner of the high-backed rustic bench, in such a way as to hide Cordelia completely from her, he strode straight forward to the arbor.

As he approached by one path, Herman Berthold came as swiftly by another; and behind Berthold, crouching, head down, and with feet, stealthy step, came a ghastly creature in fluttering rags.

The German and the colonel met on the space before the arbor, under a screen of foliage, about ten paces from Cordelia, and invisible to Madeline from the intervening throngs and the screen. As Berthold barred his way the hand burst into a grand martial Chant Triumphant, drums beating and cymbals clashing, and a hundred men shouting in tune, "VICTORY!"

Everybody's gaze was riveted upon the orchestra; the group was, to all intents and purposes, alone.

In all that exultant tumult Colonel Valrose brought his wild eyes down from the veiled lady to Berthold's, with a fierce query, unheard in the din, wherefore he presumed to block his progress.

Before Berthold could shout his warning in his ear, the miserable Kercheval had leaped upon him with a laugh, so piercing, shrill and devilish, that it rung above all the gorgeous tumult, and had struck the officer in the face.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 23.)

THE OLD GARDEN.

BY ALFRED R. STREET.

A garden, a lovely old garden I see,
As I shut my tired eyes in the night;
With its alleys and walks and green groupings of trees!

As a picture it shines to my sight,
Not the picture it is, but neglected and rude;
Its borders all ragged with moss;
Its beds tracts of weeds, and its blossoms run wild
As if run had driven across.

There stood the old pear—a pagoda of green—
With foliage like bells covered o'er;
The whole summer sunshine, its dew and its scent
Mellowed in from the petal to the core.

And there stood the cherry-tree's rich coral gems,
Where the cherry-thieves pecked night and main;
With the boy in the harvest-moon, robbing the boughs,
And the mastiff upleaping in vain.

And the peach, with its rich, luscious, velvety globes,
That sensitive child of the sun!

The red down cleft open to show the gold flesh;
And the mounds where the cucumbers run.

The nectarine's smooth, sheeny fruit by its side;
The apricot's pin-speckled rust;

The damson's bright blue; the large, egg-plum;
And the grape's silver, delicate dust!

Yes, the old fruitful garden plot shone a bouquet,
The richest and rarest of bloom!

When the jeweled May day in youthful array
And shed round her gladsome perfume.

In the hot summer nights the dull beetle began,
With its beguiling, to skim o'er the ground.

Sip the nectar of flowers and honey-dewed plants,
The firefly lighting him round.

Then the glow-worm her green and gold lanterns held forth
Where the gooseberry sprawled by the wall;

And the fox-glove's pale bell shone out of the black;
The lilac stretched wide like a pall.

And the bat—that winged mouse—left his beam in the barn,
And wheeled in his pathway a lance;

While the cricket its shrill, hollow violin scraped
For the fairies to come to the dance.

When the sun, to draw water, his ladder let down,
The garden expanded its breast;

And soon the bright pellets glanced rich on the rose,
And danced on the hollyhock's crest.

The tumblebee's jacket was spangled with drops,
As he tumbled inside the cupped flower.

And the butterfly's fans found their velvet wet through
In the warm, balmy bliss of the shower.

The old crooked guinea in a nook of the fence
Its silver-gold produce displayed;

And the currant hung out its red tassels of fruit,
Where the sunflower kindled the shade.

What wealth of rich health the syringas poured out
When spring shone again on the scene!

What worlds of sweet violets blue, gold and white,
Awoke in their turtlings of green!

The old garden spot has now vanished away;
A dwelling stands forth in its place;

And a street, hard and stony, runs straight by the fence,
Where the roses no longer I trace.

Those pictures of bygone days, how lovely they look
In the desert and gloom of the day!

They glow like the mirage with blossoms and streams
That in Eden bud flourish and play.

The Gamin Detective;

Willful Will, the Boy Clerk.

A Story of the Centennial City.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

A CONFERENCE.

MR. LEONARD and the officer were closeted in close conversation. On this occasion the latter was in his ordinary dress. The fact of the loss of the three pieces of cloth was known throughout the store, and there was no need of secrecy in this interview.

"The whole affair is growing more and more mixed," he said, after listening gravely to Mr. Leonard. "The clue lays somewhere in your own store, but it will take time to get hold of the end of it. The parties are very shrewd."

"I can scarcely imagine any of my young men as being dishonest," said the merchant. "I have trusted them all, time and again."

"And perhaps been robbed for years past. There is an accomplice here, I tell you, of some party of rascals outside. Have you had your books looked over to learn if there have been former robberies of this kind?"

"No, but I will," was the energetic answer. "I can soon find if the sales of goods tally with the invoices."

"We have been able, so far, to get no trace of the Custom House robbers. The only description to be had of them might apply to fifty persons we meet every day. They are not professionals; that I am sure of. I know all that set of worthies, and their modes of operation. These are outside hands, but very keen ones."

"And the forged check?"

"Was presented by the same person," replied the officer. "The bank teller has no recollection of the party, but the handwriting in the check and in the warehouse entry are the same."

"It is strange—very strange," said Mr. Leonard, abstractedly, as he selected several invoices from a pile of them he had taken from his safe.

"I am going to try the suggestion you just made," he said, proceeding to the door.

"Harry!" he called, into the counting-room.

One of the clerks responded, coming into the office.

"I wish you to take these invoices," said the merchant, "and compare them with the sales of these special goods. They are the first we have had of these styles, and the salesbook should show whether they have all been disposed of or not."

"There are none of these left in stock," replied the clerk. "They must all have been sold. The sales must tally with the bills."

"Well, examine them, at any rate."

"I will," said Harry, leaving the office. His tone expressed surprise at this request.

"We will soon have that matter tested," said Mr. Leonard. "Those are the only goods I can think of which we have lately commenced to sell."

"It may prove something," said the officer; "but these thieves are very wide-awake. They may confine themselves to regular lines of goods. In that case it will not be easy to trace them now."

"If the thief is in my store, I suppose he has considered all those points," said Mr. Leonard.

They were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Wilson.

"Excuse me," he said, coolly. "I did not know you were engaged. I have just been down to see Claxton."

"That will rest," said Mr. Leonard. "Sit down. We were talking over the mysterious robbery."

"Is there any clue yet?" he asked, earnestly.

"Not a shadow," said Mr. Fidler. "There is only this much very likely: that the thief is in this store."

"Can that be possible?" said Wilson, with perfect coolness. "And all here have been so fully trusted. I fancy my suspicion of that boy will prove a just one, in the end."

"I fear it may," replied Mr. Leonard.

"I have not even let you escape in my investigations," said the officer, addressing Mr. Wilson.

"What do you mean?" asked the latter, hastily, with a slight tinge of color.

"I mean simply to turn every stone that lies in my way and see what is under it," said the officer, fixing his eyes upon him. "You were one of the parties having access to that safe, and control of the stolen warehouse order."

"But I was absent from the city, in Harrisburg," replied Mr. Wilson, a little hotly.

"You men seem to be no respecters of persons," said Mr. Leonard. "It is a wonder you did not try my complicity."

"It would not be the first time," said the officer, dryly. "I have caught a merchant, more than once, at robbing himself. We know no persons, only facts."

"Well, did you trace any guilt to me?" asked Mr. Wilson, smiling.

"I merely wrote to Harrisburg, to inquire if a man named Miles Sartin had died and been buried on certain days named, and if one Augustus Wilson had attended the funeral; that is all."

"You were inquisitive indeed," said Wilson, in a light tone. "I was there."

"Yes. So I have learned. You must remember, sir, that I know nobody in this matter. If I got you in the vise, I would squeeze you as tightly as the meanest man in the store."

"I hope to keep out of your vise, then," said Wilson, laughing.

"So as the case now stands," said Mr. Leonard, "we have absolutely no clue."

"We have hold of one or two threads only, but there is nothing visible yet at the ends of them."

"I have been more fortunate, then. I have found some positive evidence. It is not yet fully located, however."

"How is that?" asked Mr. Fidler, quickly.

He was at once full of eager attention, his keen eyes on the speaker's face.

"I have traced a piece of the silk into the possession of a member of my own household. No less a person than my ward, Miss Arlington."

"Ha!" cried Mr. Wilson, in deep surprise. "How in the world did she obtain it? This is strange enough."

"She had learned my suspicions first, and refused to tell me. There was some one she evidently did not wish to implicate. Remember that I tell you this in confidence. It is to go no further, except as I may direct."

"Then why mention it at all, if you are not ready to make use of it?" asked the officer.

"Because I want your suggestions. I will not press her to reveal her secret, but we may guess at it."

"It is a mighty odd thing. A bit of the silk strayed already into your own house. Was she using it in any way?"

"Yes, as a bow."

"Then she didn't fancy there was anything wrong about it. She may have bought it."

"No. She did not buy it."

"Is there no other silk of the same pattern in the city?"

"There is not."

"Very odd that she should make a secret of it."

"Could she have communicated with any person from the store?" asked Wilson.

"With nobody, I think, except the boy, Will. I sent him out to my house the other day, and he had an interview with her."

"It is just as I thought. Everything points to that boy," said Wilson.

"I thought so myself," said Mr. Leonard.

"I expressed my doubts of the boy, and she made no denial."

"Did she admit anything?" asked the officer.

"No. She would not answer."

"The boy may be used as a scapegoat. When did you first see the bow?"

"Last evening."

"And has the lady been away from home since the robbery?"

"She was in the city yesterday."

"Now we are coming to it," said Mr. Fidler, straightening himself up. "Who is there in the city that she would be likely to wish to screen in such a case? What bosom friend among the ladies, or what particular friend among the gentlemen?"

"Miss Arlington is engaged to be married. The gentleman is in business in the city. But he is above suspicion."

"What a very poor detective you would make," said Mr. Fidler, impatiently. "It is the theory of our office, sir, that nobody is above suspicion. If any man gets himself in doubt he has got to explain it, that's all. This man may be as innocent as she is. What we want is to trace where he got the silk. Who is he?"

"His name is John Elkton. He holds a position in the store of White & Bradley."

"They are dry goods operators, too?"

"They deal in nearly the same line of goods as I do."

"Ha! and Elkton holds what position?"

"That of their principal salesman."

"What time yesterday was Miss Arlington in the city?"

"In the afternoon."

"Between what hours?"

"I cannot say exactly. Probably from two to five."

"You must find out more definitely. I will try and learn at what hours yesterday Mr. Elkton was out of the store. We need to establish the fact of an interview."

"I don't think there is much doubt of that."

"I want to have no doubt of it. This matter must be traced from Miss Arlington to somebody that we can handle without gloves."

"You will find nothing wrong about John Elkton," said Mr. Leonard, decisively. "You may imagine that I knew him well before consenting to this engagement. He is a first-class man. Had I thought that the silk came from him I would not have spoken of it."

"You are sure it was your silk?"

"Positively sure."

"Then you would have acted very foolishly. Little headway we would make if we were so tender of people as that. Here is a positive clue, and you would throw it away because you know the man it points to. We want to see it pointing somewhere. If he can put us on another track, well and good. If he cannot, the worse for him."

Mr. Leonard looked as if something had left a bad taste in his mouth.

"Can we trust nobody?" he asked.

"No. Everybody needs to be tried."

"I agree with you there," said Wilson.

"That is all we can do just now," said the officer. "I would like to take a turn in your cellar. That cloth robbery is the strangest part of the whole business."

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE CELLAR.

MR. LEONARD and his visitor proceeded together to the basement of the establishment. They were followed by Mr. Wilson.

The officer paused on reaching the foot of the stairs, and took a general view of the long room.

"You keep some valuable goods down here?" he asked.

"Not our most valuable. Principally heavy goods."

"Have any of these other cases been examined? Your visitors may not have confined their attention to the one line of goods."

"No. They were all broken, and would not show tampering so easily. Had I better have them all examined?"

"That you'll have to settle yourself," said Mr. Fidler, smiling. "It might be best for your peace of mind not to know all you have lost."

"I'd rather know the whole truth."

"And I'd like to know," replied the officer, "who it is that can carry out bales of goods through keyholes."

He was walking now down the room, his keen eyes wandering from side to side, noting every detail.

"Do those goods come in that rumpled condition?" he asked, stopping beside a case of light dress goods.

"They don't look as smooth as they might, that's a fact," said Wilson, as he partly opened a roll of the stuff. It was somewhat creased and wrinkled.

They had fallen upon a portion of Will's bed, which he had rolled up again rather hastily.

"I think I will have these few cases recounted," said Mr. Leonard. "They are new goods, and we can easily tell what sales have been made from them. Send Mr. Brown down here, and Will, I'll call up the stairs."

While he was waiting for the appearance of these parties, and putting them to work, Mr. Fidler walked on, continuing his investigation. He examined the windows at the end of the room with the greatest care.

"These have not been disturbed," he said. "No thief has entered this way."

"How can you tell that?" asked Mr. Wilson.

"If they had a confederate in the store the windows might have been unfastened on the inside, so they could be easily removed. They could have been refastened the next day."

"It is only two or three nights since the robbery," said the officer. "These windows have not been meddled with these three weeks."

"How can you tell that?" asked Wilson, anxiously.

"By the cobwebs which you see here across the frame. The windows could not be opened without breaking them."

"I see. But they may have been of yesterday's make."

"I should judge they were a month old," said the officer. "The spiders have abandoned them, you see. Notice, too, that dust has settled on the delicate lenses. Dust doesn't get in here easily."

"Not very," replied Wilson.

"The thieves did not enter by the windows, that's clear," said the officer. "What arrangement have you in front?"

"An elevator, to lower goods down."

"Opening on Market street?"

"Yes."

"And how secured?"

"By iron doors, which are locked at night."

"That could not safely be used," said the officer, "even if left unlocked. Market street is too public, any hour of the night, for heavy operations like these. The door at the head of the stairs is always locked at night."

"I think so. Those are my orders," said Mr. Leonard, joining them.

The officer had proceeded to the front of the store and was examining the elevator.

"No chance there," he said.

"But how then did they enter?" asked Mr. Leonard, anxiously. "They must have found some means of access from without."

"They must have made entry into the store in some way, and then have worked down to the cellar."

"We have examined the doors and windows. They do not seem to have been tampered with."

"I will take a look at them," said the officer. "Who opens the store in the morning?"

"Mr. Brown, the man you see at work, there, usually."

"And closes it at night, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Does he come and go alone?"

"No. There are several leave store together."

"He may return. Where does Mr. Brown live?"

"In the upper part of the city. Now don't be throwing out insinuations about this man, Mr. Fidler. I can vouch for his honesty."

This conversation was kept up in a low tone, so as not to reach Mr. Brown's ears.

"You are too much inclined to vouch for people's honesty," said the officer, dryly. "We will never get along if everybody is taken for granted to be honest."

"And we will never get along if we spend our time in following false scents," said Mr. Leonard, a little sharply. "I have had the man in my employment for years, and know him thoroughly."

"Does anybody else carry the keys?"

"Occasionally. But Brown had them on the night of the robbery."

"It's a mighty odd business," said the officer.

He walked back past where Mr. Brown and Will were busily engaged counting the goods. Mr. Fidler eyed the man closely. It was Will's old enemy, but they were amicably engaged now. A nervous, quick-motioned, sharp-speaking person, whose worst fault was his temper.

"I think Brown is all right," was the officer's silent comment, after a long look at the man's face.

"You have a cellar under this?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Wilson. "Devoted to coal, empty boxes, and rubbish generally. It has no entrance, except from here."

"We will go down," said the officer.

"It is rather dark there," said Mr. Leonard.

"We will need a light. Will, get a lamp, and follow us into the cellar."

"All right," said Will, dropping a piece of goods with a thump on the floor. "I'll put you through."

They proceeded to the sub-cellar, Will following down the stairs with a lighted lamp. It was a long, dark room, imperfectly lighted by two very narrow windows at the back. In front a coal vault extended under the pavement.

This was empty now of coal, and its iron grating fastened down from within.

As Mr. Wilson had said, the cellar had been filled with rubbish. Its stone walls had been whitewashed, but were brown enough now, their mortar eaten with dampness. The earth

floor was rather yielding, as if from dampness.

Mr. Fidler's eyes noted everything, as he walked slowly back.

"Bring the light here," he said, at length, as they came near the rear wall. He stooped and picked up something from the floor.

"Who made those footprints?" he asked, pointing to two very faint indentations in an unusually soft portion of the floor.

They all looked down with interest, Will holding the light close. The shape of a foot could be plainly made out.

"That's a regular Robinson Crusoe find," said Will. "If it was only on a desert island now we might look for Indians, or such customers."

"Here we can look for rogues," said the officer. "It is a small foot," he continued, examining with great care.

"About the size of the boy's shoes," said Wilson, looking sharply at Will's feet. "Set your foot here."

"Oh, you dry up," said Will, angrily. "I ain't measuring feet now. Maybe I made it. I was down here yesterday. So was more of the men."

"No impudence, Will," said Mr. Leonard, reprovingly.

"Can't help it," said Will, defiantly. "Impudence was born in me, and it will work loose. Can't keep it down."

He turned away with a vexed shrug, and walked toward where something had attracted his attention.

"Who dropped this?" asked the officer, displaying the object he had picked up.

It was a small copper token, about the size of a nickel cent.

"That's mine," said Will, returning. "I missed it and didn't know what come of it."

"Then you were down here," said Wilson. "And those are your footprints."

"I didn't say they weren't," said Will, indifferently.

"Then why do you object to measuring?"

"Cause that would look too much as if I was taking my measure for a thief. That's a game I ain't playing. S'pose I might have made the steps, 'cause I was down here."

Mr. Fidler was closely examining the remainder of the cellar.

"Everything seems right here," he said. "A rat could hardly get into this place. What's that you have?" he asked, addressing Will.

"A bit of paper I found while you was talking in here. Picked it up from under that box."

A WARM MEAL.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

I took her to the table when
The hour came to eat;
We were at opposite ends of the day,
So she took an opposite seat.

"Dear madam," said I to my wife,
And in a manner cross,
"Cannot I help you to some fish?"
"Yes," said she, "without sauce."

I passed the mustard, too, and there
Was pepper in her tones,
She took the chicken over which
The madam made no bones.

I passed the bread, and that she took
In quite a biting way,
And used her jaw as much on me
As on the meat that day.

Said I, "Don't drink your tea so hot."
She answered with much grace:
"Be careful, though it burn my mouth
It yet may scald your face."

Said I, "Your voice is generally
As tender as a bird's,
But drinking tea so hot I find
Doth make you use hot words."

And then I added, "Pass the beans."
She answered my commands,
And then beside the beans gave me
An awful, awful glance.

She asked me for the sugar, and
I said the bowl though full
Held not enough to sweeten her,
And she longed my hair to pull.

She asked me for the vinegar,
My brows began to lower;
I said, "You're needing none of that
Since you're so very sour."

She seemed to look so hungry, and
So fast she'd eat and sup,
I thought instead of victuals she
Would like to eat me up.

I passed the salt, and whispered then
That article might be
Good to cure shoulders with, but not
The cold one you gave me."

I passed the jelly, and I thought
As true as sacred writ,
That by her looks she'd much prefer
To beat me into it.

I meekly passed the mutton, which
She took not as a lamb;
I passed the bread. She wished that I
Was better bred than I am.

And her potatoes she did mash
In manner wild to see,
And every time she cut her bread
The madam she cut me.

We left the table. In two hours
Her madness grew much less,
She hinted, with a world of smiles,
She wanted a new dress!

Cavalry Custer,

From West Point to the Big Horn;

OR,

THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGOON.

BY LAUNCE POYNTE,

AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD-RUNTERS," ETC.

WE are now coming to the happiest time of Custer's life. At first it was pretty hard for him, of course, to come down from being a general to a simple captain, but that did not last long. In 1866 Congress determined to add some more regiments to the regular army, and as Custer was the best cavalry officer in the country, the President offered to give him the command of one of these regiments, called the Seventh Cavalry. He was not made a full colonel, though. There were so many old officers, who had been generals of the volunteers before Custer was made one, that it was difficult to find places for all of them, and as it was, all the lazy fellows who had done little to deserve success were furiously jealous of Custer. So one of the old gentlemen, called General A. J. Smith, was made colonel of the Seventh, while Custer, who was made lieutenant-colonel, the next officer in a regiment, had the full command of the men, for Smith was too old to be able to get out.

Custer found himself, therefore, in the end of 1866, once more ordered on active service, for which he was very glad. Like all honest men he hated to lead a lazy, useless life, and draw pay from the Government without doing anything for it. A great many worthless men, who have friends in Congress, get into the regular army every year, with no other object than to lead just such a lazy life, but all such men Custer heartily despised, as other brave, honest men do. In time of peace it is nothing to be proud of, to be an army officer, unless there is something useful to do, and some one to protect from harm. Custer knew that there was only one place left where the army was really useful, and that was out on the plains, to protect the frontier settlers from the robberies and murders of the Indian war parties. Very glad was he then, when he was sent out to Fort Riley, in Kansas, to take charge of the Seventh Cavalry.

At the time he went out, the engineers were building the Kansas Pacific Railroad, which now carries passengers from New York to San Francisco in one week. But when Custer came to Fort Riley, in the winter of 1866, very little progress had been made in the road. It had been started, in those days, from both ends of the line; and there remained, between the California terminus and that at Fort Riley, a gap of more than a thousand miles, over which the Indians roamed as they pleased. That was ten years ago, remember, and a good many things can happen in ten years.

Fort Riley, where the eastern end of the Kansas road terminated, was the post to which Custer was assigned, and where the officers of his new regiment began to flock in. The reader must not imagine from the name "fort," great frowning stone walls and guns, such as we call a fort in the East. Fort Riley was nothing but a square inclosure surrounded with low barracks where the soldiers lodged. Near it was the railway station, and a number of low groceries and boarding-houses, where the railway laborers lived. To get the money out of these poor fellows, and to get the soldiers, the whole of the little town swarmed with gamblers, thieves, and loose characters of all sorts, men and women. Inside the fort itself, the place being guarded by sentries, things were quiet, the bad characters not being allowed there, but in the town and round the station, Fort Riley was a little hell upon earth. It is a strange thing, and shows what a curse money may sometimes be, that this state of society followed the Pacific Railroad as it was built, steadily tracking it from station to station as it advanced, always having gamblers and thieves after the money paid to the laborers.

Here Custer and his wife were obliged to stay all the winter, he drilling his men and seeing to the discipline of his new officers, till in the spring of 1867 a grand expedition was

ordered against the Indians, and Custer, with his new Seventh Cavalry, was ordered to leave the fort and join General Hancock, the commander of all that country, at another fort called Harker, ninety miles west. Fort Harker was on the Smoky Hill Fork of the Kansas river, right in the center of the State of Kansas. If you have a large late map of that State, you can follow Custer's campaigns hereafter, as I tell the story.

You may ask what the Indians had been doing to make this expedition necessary. The fact was, the Indians knew well enough that, by the time the railroad was finished, their good days on the plains would be all over. Not being strong enough to prevent the white men from working, they contented themselves by killing every man, woman, and child they could catch away from help, and annoying the stage-roads in particular.

Between the two ends of the Pacific Railroad, in those days, there ran a line of stage-coaches along the Smoky Hill Fork, out to Colorado. On this stage-road the railway was afterward built, but till it was laid, the Indians could come down on the road to rob whenever they pleased, unless the coaches were strongly guarded with soldiers. Every now and then they would do so, and then gallop away, after killing a dozen passengers. You may ask why the soldiers at the forts did not follow them. So they did, but the Indians never attacked unless the soldiers were a long way off, and before they could be followed they were out of sight, when it was useless for the soldiers to pursue.

But all the while that the Indian war parties were doing this, the tribes were pretending to be at perfect peace with the white men. All the winter of 1866 Indians used to come into the forts and Indian agencies, to get blankets and beef from the Government. Perhaps some people may not understand what I mean by this, or how the Indians had any such right, so I will try to explain in a few words as I can.

We know all America once belonged to the Indians. Bit by bit, first one tribe and then another, sold their lands to the white men, or had them taken away, beginning up in the State of Massachusetts, and so on out to California. Some white men, like William Penn, paid the Indians honestly for their land. Others, such as Daniel Boone and the Kentuckians, moved right in and took the land by force, driving away the Indians and killing them. Out on the plains of the Missouri the land was

where the Cheyennes had their camp, when a tremendous snow-storm visited the soldiers, and compelled them to go into camp, and start fires to avoid being frozen to death.

As it was, the poor cavalry horses were huddled together at the picket rope, so stiff and cold they could hardly stand, and it was feared that Custer's regiment would lose all its horses. The only way they kept the poor creatures from lying down and dying, was to have a man walking up and down the line all night long, with a great whip, making the horses move about. This fearful cold only lasted one night, but Custer never forgot it. Two or three days after they came to fine weather and green grass; and Custer, for the first time in his life, saw an Indian tribe ready for war.

The expedition suddenly came on the Indian camp, and all the warriors had come out to protect their women and children, for they fancied the soldiers had come to kill them all.

Such, however, were not Hancock's orders. In those days the Government was just starting what is called the "Peace Policy," and the soldiers were ordered not to hurt the Indians if it could possibly be avoided. Hancock called a halt, and so did the Indians; and a council took place.

General Hancock rode out, and Custer went with him, along with a number of staff officers, while on the other side out came Pawnee Killer, Little Bull and Big Bull (and who knows what other kind of Bulls and Bears!), to have a talk with the white chief.

Custer was very much struck with the appearance of these Indian chiefs, and they seemed to have been equally taken with his looks. He wore his long curls still, but he had dropped all his old velvet and gold. Instead of this, he now wore a white deerskin hunting shirt, with its fringed cape and sleeves, while a broad white hat crowned his head, and his lower limbs were covered with blue trousers and high boots. He wore a sword, had two handsome revolvers in his holsters, and generally carried a light sporting rifle. The Indians were so much struck with his appearance, as he sat on his thoroughbred horse, the picture of health and courage, that they named him at once the "Big Yellow Chief."

On his part, Custer admired the looks of the Indians very much. Every chief was stripped to the waist. They wore silver bracelets on their arms, necklaces of grizzly bears' claws, and silver medals on their naked breasts. On their heads, each wore his "war-bonnet," a cap of wolfskin or tiger cat, the head of the

Iris Clifton's Pearls.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

IT was no wonder she wanted the pearl-necklace, with cross pendant and earrings, when she saw the party dress come home—a misty, foamy toilet of snowy Swiss, all billowy with thread-lace-edged ruffles, with lustrous silken bodice laced with thick silken cord, with such exquisite elbow-sleeves looped with lilies of the valley and clematis sprays.

She was so exactly suited to wear such a fairy dress, and pearls—was Iris Clifton, with her sea-shell-pink and rose-petal-cream complexion, with her luxurious pale-gold hair, that grew in ripples from her low fair forehead way down to her slender, shapely waist, with her bright blue eyes that were overflowing with mirth and girlish joyousness.

She was a dainty little armful—at least so Harry St. Cyr thought, and he certainly should know, seeing that she had been his betrothed for six months—"sweet as a peach," he swore, and altogether acknowledged to be the prettiest little lady far or near. And the happiest, she told herself over and over. Why should she not have been the happiest when Harry St. Cyr loved her and she was going to be his wife? When before her was such a prospect of comfort and luxury in the beautiful home to which Harry would take her—not more pleasant or comfortable than her own dear home where she ruled her loving little widowed mother with a sweet tyranny, but where there would be more of those costly elegances which Iris' feminine soul constantly yearned for.

Harry St. Cyr would keep horses and carriages; she was to have her real silver, her corps of servants, her big house; of course there would be jewels and elegant wardrobes, summers at fashionable resorts and boxes at the theater and opera.

Altogether life promised very fair to this blue-eyed, golden-haired little lady, who, at this particular moment, was absorbed in the delightful contemplation of her new dress just sent home from the dressmaker's.

"It's perfectly lovely, mamma, isn't it? Just see how she has finished the edge of the sleeves. I never saw anything so graceful. Oh, mamma, won't I look splendidly! Harry will be ever so proud of me, and that cross, rich old grandfather of his will!"

Mrs. Clifton made a gentle, little effort to stay the tide of fault-finding she knew Iris al-

most diamonds in New York and never feel it. But never mind—I'll have the pearls, and when they see me—"

She laughed such a joyous little melody, and Mrs. Clifton knew, from long experience, there would be no use thwarting the golden-haired, blue-eyed little mogul.

The reception at Mrs. Christie's was a grand success, and Iris Clifton had the exquisite satisfaction of knowing she was considered the prettiest, most tastefully-dressed lady in the room. Her cheeks were flushed to the soft tint of a sea-shell, and her eyes were bluer than sapphires, and full of a warm, eager, triumphant delight. The cunning little dimple in her cheek was called into existence often, and her low, merry laugh was positive music to enraptured society ears.

She certainly was passing fair in her misty toilet of snow-white Swiss that trailed in soft billows after her small, graceful figure; and the plain silken bodice, without trimming, showed to perfection the faultless beauty of her form. Pale green feathery sprays of clematis were carelessly, charmingly wreathed over her skirt, and fragrant clusters of drooping lilies of the valley nestling among the green, speckless. And the pearls, large, and lying against her fair throat like cool drops of crystallized milk, clasping her beautiful round arm, and hanging from her pretty little pink-white ears.

They certainly became her wonderfully, and she knew she was passing fair in them, that she wore them as no other woman in the room would have dared worn them.

Harry St. Cyr had not seen them until he had met her in the reception-room, for at her home she had been covered—perhaps purposely—with her opera cloak. And of course he had no opportunity to say a word of his surprise there and then.

And old, crusty Mr. St. Cyr had seen them, and stood a moment as if in surprise, and then gave a little unintelligible grunt, and paid no more attention to them.

Until they three—Iris and Harry and the old gentleman—were in the St. Cyr coach, on their way home, and then Mr. St. Cyr took a large Russia case from his pocket and laid it carefully on his knee.

"I'm quite disappointed to think I shall have to get Tiffany's people to take these back. I got 'em for a little anti-wedding present for you, Iris, but of course you don't want two sets of pearls!"

And he sprang open the lid, revealing the most exquisite suit of pearls Iris' critical eyes had ever seen—larger, fuller, handsomer every way than the ones she had on, and that had seemed perfect until she saw these.

"Oh, Mr. St. Cyr! What beauties, what perfect beauties! I—" And then the shame of it all came flooding over her, and by the flare of the carriage lamp Harry saw the scarlet tide surge over her face.

"I must say I'm quite disappointed, but I'm glad you have your heart's desire, Iris. You become pearls—don't she, Harry?"

And there Iris sat, not knowing whether to confess and be despised, or say nothing and lose the pearls, while Harry's face expressed his astonishment, and she imagined she saw the red gentleman's eyes twinkle maliciously.

"No—I won't take 'em back, either. I'll give 'em to Scorsy's girl—she's to be married soon. I'll make her the present of 'em, seeing that Iris is so fortunate as not to need 'em. Hold on, Harry; here's my hotel! Good-night, both of you!" And the instant the door slammed on the old gentleman carrying the precious treasure, Iris burst into tears, and sobbed out the whole shameful story, while Harry listened, with mingled pity and anger.

"I never would have thought of you, Iris—my Iris, hiring pearls! I can forgive you"—but his voice was stern as she never had heard it—"but my grandfather never will."

And he never did. And Iris St. Cyr never has had her pearls, and never will; for, although her husband is rich, he is hardly rich enough for such extravagance.

But the mortification of only having been seen with the ornaments on once, has cured Iris of her inordinate passion for them.

But it was a bitter and an expensive lesson.

Ripples.

A woman in Detroit tried to kill herself, and the reason that she gave was that she "got mad at the world" because it gave her nothing to eat.

A young lady of Corinth, Miss., has the photographs of seven rejected suitors hanging on the wall, and she wants an eighth so as to make a nice group.

The two hottest days ever known in Australia were the 15th and 16th of January, when the thermometer registered 105 degrees in the shade in Melbourne.

An Oskosh lady, who was reading to some friends, encountered the words, "Nibelungelied, tetology," and cautiously removed her teeth before attempting to pronounce them.

The spring style of vests will be so short and the trousers will be cut so high in the neck, that our best young men will be able to button their collars directly on their waistbands.

One evening at the opera in Dublin a gentleman sarcastically asked a man standing in front of him if he was aware that he was opaque. The other denied the allegation, and said that he was O'Brien.

The Japanese toilet-mirror allows a woman to see all sides of her head at once; but what is needed in this country is a mirror which will deceive her into thinking that a last year's bonnet is one of the latest style.

An exchange says that the Welsh language contains only eighteen thousand words, but after you have tried to pronounce four or five of the easiest and shortest you will wonder how a Welshman ever keeps his feet while talking.

A Milwaukee editor writes in this melancholy strain: "We didn't want our wife to go to the auction, and so we hid her shoes to keep her at home; having occasion to go out an hour afterward, we looked for our boots, but they weren't there; neither was our wife. It isn't any use."

Somebody praised a kind of cake Jones brought down to his office. He was asked for the recipe for building the cake, and next day appeared with the following, which he had taken down in short-hand from his wife's dictation, after dinner: "Seven cups of molasses, three pinches of flour, two heaping quarts of salaratus, a pint of sugar, two pounds of milk, fruit to suit taste; stir well and boil over a slow fire for three hours, and then set aside in a cold oven for a week." Somehow, Jones said it didn't sound just right, but that was the way his notes read.



General Hancock rode out, and Custer went with him, along with a number of staff officers.

held by several great tribes, called the Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes. Thirty years ago there were also Pawnees, Arickarees and Blackfeet, but these tribes are almost extinct now. The Sioux roamed over Kansas, Nebraska, and Montana, up to the British line, the Cheyennes had Kansas and Colorado, and the Arapahoes stretched down through Indian Territory to Texas, where they were met by the Comanches and Kiowas. The Sioux are the Northern Indians, the Cheyennes the Western, and the Comanches and Arapahoes are South-western. It was principally the Cheyennes that were in trouble in 1866. All the summer before Custer's arrival, they had been plundering the stage-roads, murdering passengers, attacking the stations, and keeping horses.

Beyond the Mississippi, the Government, being anxious to keep peace with the Indian tribes, has at various times made treaties with them, by which it has agreed to pay them for their lands, so much a year, in blankets and food, if the Indians will only keep on certain lands reserved for them in the Indian Territory, and hence called "Reservations." The whole of the Indian Territory is marked off thus in reservations for the different tribes; and whenever they choose to come to them they find a store there, and an "Indian Agent," as he is called—a Government officer—to issue blankets and cattle. The Indians are told that if they stay on the reservations, the Great Father—as they call the President—will take care of them, but that if they go off, he will send soldiers after them to punish them.

But the Indians were altogether too smart for the agents. They used to come in and get their beef and blankets, and buy rifles from the agents, one day; while the next they were off killing peaceable farmers and travelers. This sort of thing lasted all the summer, while there was plenty of grass for their ponies, and in the winter they used to come in, and remain quiet and peaceable, at all seeming, or else go off and hide in the mountain valleys till spring.

It was determined, in 1867, that the Government should try and break up this system, by making the Indians come in on their proper reservations. So General Hancock started out with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, in the month of April, from Fort Riley, Custer commanding the cavalry.

The winter was over, but the spring was very late, indeed. The column was headed south-west, toward the Arkansas river,

animal grinning above the man's head, while a crest of eagle's feathers rose high above, and then fell down the back, as far as the horse's croup. The chiefs wore scarlet or buckskin leggings, fringed with horse hair, and some had the fringe made of human hair, from the scalps of white people. Every man bore a lance, bow and quiver, and a rifle, generally a repeater, and all had revolvers in their belts, some one, some as many as four or five. They rode the spirited little Indian ponies, speckled and spotted with all sorts of colors, full of life and spirit. These horses had feathers stuck into their manes, while every one had a scalp, with long black hair, hanging from his bit under his chin. Every one was saddled with the light Comanche saddle, which all the Indians now use, and most had scarlet saddle blankets.

Such wild, picturesque, daredevil warriors you never saw, and it seemed for some time as if it were impossible to stave off a fight for long. However, the chiefs who came forward were peaceably disposed, and it was finally agreed that the soldiers should advance and encamp near the Indians, promising to do them no harm. It was General Hancock's object to get the chiefs to come to council, and then to induce them to bring in the squaws and children to their reservation.

The Indians promised everything very fairly and sweetly, and then the column moved on. They expected to find the Indian camp just over the next swell, but it turned out that the Cheyennes had fooled them, for it was ten miles off. As they advanced, all the Cheyenne braves rode away before them, along with a good many warriors on foot. The soldiers marched their best, the cavalry actually trotted all the way, and so did the battery, while the Indians did not seem to be making much haste. All the same, though, the soldiers found the Cheyennes leaving them fast behind, so that, long before they got to the village, not an Indian was in sight.

Then at last they saw the village, an assemblage of some three hundred white lodges, pitched in a beautiful green grassy hollow, surrounded with trees, with a little stream running by it, and Custer was in sight of his first Indian camp.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 363.)

HERODIAS was not a Fenian; and yet, suggests the Burlington Hawkeye, she was delighted with the head sent her.

ways indulged in when her *déte noir*—old Mr. St. Cyr—became the subject of conversation.

But Iris shook her pretty head defiantly. "There's no use your not wanting me to say Harry's grandpa is a cross old thing. He is—cross and ugly and—oh, mamma, *fearfully* stingy. Harry knows I am half-dying for a suit of pearls, and hinted to old Mr. St. Cyr that he ought to make me a handsome present, and he never said a word! And now, when I see this lovely dress, I am just dying for pearls to wear with it to Mrs. Christie's reception!"

"The lovely lilies and the clematis are enough, dear. Be content a little longer and then you will doubtless have pearls."

Iris pouted her lovely coral lips. "But, I never can bear to wait for anything, mamma! And—I won't wear this dress—I won't go to Mrs. Christie's unless I can wear pearls, now!"

And a decided, defiant little nod of the golden-head accompanied Iris' startling determination.

"Child! How you talk! You know it is as impossible for you to have pearls as—well, as to fly."

The sweet lips were compressed, still defiantly.

"Mamma—I'll hire them!"

Mrs. Clifton gave a little gasp at the girl's audacity.

"Hire them! Oh, Iris, you surely never would descend so low as to wear finery you hired! Borrowing is bad enough, but to hire jewelry—Iris, you could not do anything so mean, so far beneath your dignity."

The blue eyes sparkled as Iris listened and answered.

"That is all perfect nonsense, mamma! Better people—richer people, I mean—than we, do such things. Why is it any worse than hiring silver and palming it off as wedding presents, as you know the Ethiopians did when Nita was married? It won't hurt me a bit, mamma, not a bit, and when you see how lovely I look in them you'll be glad."

"But Harry, Iris! What will Harry think? He knows I cannot afford such things for you. What will he say when he learns his bride-elect hired a suit of pearls to wear?"

Iris' cheeks flushed deliciously, and her voice rung out decisively.

"I'll tell him if his grandfather had not been so ungenerous I would not have had to do it. Mamma, Harry's perfectly mortified because Mr. St. Cyr doesn't make me a handsome present. He could afford to give me the hand-